

# The Grail

## A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

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*"Take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt."—Matth. 2:13.*

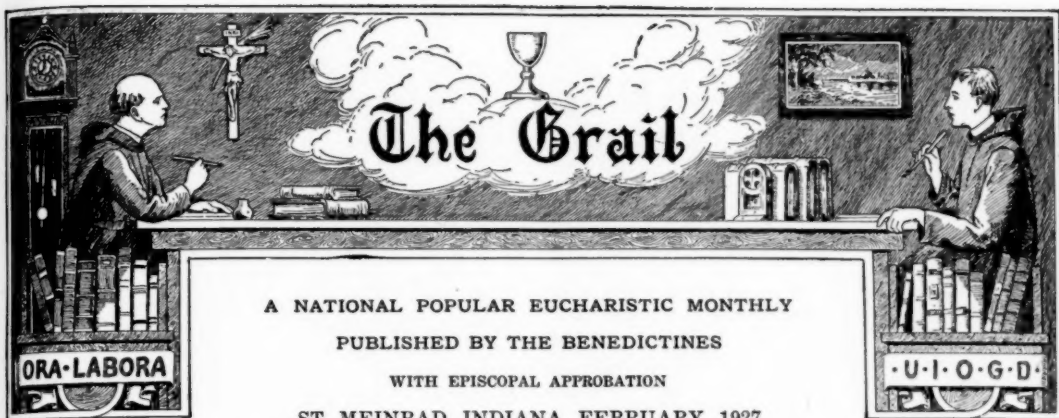
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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

## Pastoral Letter of Bishops on Mexico

The "Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States on the Religious Situation in Mexico" is a notable document that will amply repay the time spent in a careful perusal. Part I treats of "Liberty in the Light of the American and the Mexican Constitutions," while Part II shows "What the Church has done for Mexico."

Liberty has been abolished and bolshevism is the guiding spirit in that unfortunate land today. All that Mexico had of civilization and progress and development, she owed to the Church, which is now in bonds. Deprived of her freedom, her rights set at naught, her priests forbidden to exercise the sacred functions of their ministry even in private, her schools all closed, the religious garb banned, her religious driven from hospital and other asylums of mercy and exiled from the country, she is trampled under foot and crushed like the worm in the dust. Thus bound and gagged, the Church patiently awaits the passing of these evil days that are upon her and looks forward to the day of her deliverance. Such treatment, and even worse, she has been accorded in other lands and other ages, when she was all but crushed out of existence. Persecution is a distinguishing mark by which the true Church may be known; her Divine Founder has predicted it: as they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; but she is endowed with immortality, for she is built upon a rock and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

Read the Bishops' Pastoral Letter on the Religious Situation in Mexico for your own enlightenment and then pass it on to your non-Catholic neighbor for his information. This Pastoral Letter deserves to be read by every American citizen.

## Mission Activity

That the mission movement in America continues to grow and expand and bear fruit is a healthy sign. Children in school are imbued with it; boys and girls

in high school, as well as young men and young women in college and university, are ardent workers in its cause. The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade gives them an outlet for their enthusiasm.

The mission-activity wave that is crossing the continent from coast to coast, and reverberating, is sweeping everything before it. Vocations to the missions are multiplying, mission societies and confraternities are increasing, collections for the missions at home and abroad are growing larger. This is as it should be.

All mission activity has its source in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is no wonder, then, that the Divine Fire has become a mighty conflagration setting hearts on fire for souls. Christ's mission was to save souls. For this He came down upon earth. To accomplish the end He had in view He established His Church and left therein,—the more easily to attain His purpose,—seven channels of grace. Having bequeathed to that Church His Sacred Body and Blood as a perpetual remembrance, promising to remain with her all days even to the consummation of the world, He gave a final proof of His lasting love for men by a most cruel death on the cross for them. By His Resurrection, however, He proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that He was really God and worthy of all confidence.

To continue His mission on earth the Savior makes use of men, sending them forth, as He did the Apostles, to bring the good tidings to the ends of the earth. We should consider it a great favor that our beloved country has been chosen by Divine Providence to enter the apostolate and take no small part in the great work of the missions. Many priests and religious have in recent years gone forth from our shores to foreign lands, and many others are preparing to follow them. Yet, after all, it is only the few that can leave home and country. The vast majority must keep the "home fires" burning. Those who are unable to leave can be apostles at home in numerous ways. They may affiliate with mission societies and confraternities; by prayer and alms they can contribute towards the success of the mis-

(Continued on page 471)

# Orphan Stella

From the French of Louise Hautières, by E. R.

## CHAPTER 3

### BAMPART TAVERN

THE big clock in the town hall had just struck 6 next morning when James, who had not closed an eye during the night, set out on his search. Wrapped in his long overcoat of brown cloth, he directed his steps towards the poorer quarters of the city, casting a glance as he went along into the small taverns which were to be found enroute. It was the hour when the great capital begins to wake up for the business of the day. Workmen, their tools slung over their shoulders, marched along in groups, singing patriotic ballads as they went. Then came files of market gardeners, their handcarts laden with fresh fruit and vegetables, followed by innumerable milkmaids chatting gaily as they delivered their cans to the various customers, whilst numerous empty drays and vehicles, returning from the market hall, rolled along the pavement with a frightful noise, as their drivers hastened homewards.

Heedless of all the din and bustle, James went quietly on his way. He had promised his young mistress to find the Gypsy, and he would keep his word, come what might. So on he marched deeper and deeper into the slums, but all in vain. Donato was not to be found, and he knew not to whom he could apply for direction. Just then, however, he saw a man seated on a bench in the square reading the news; so, politely saluting him, James enquired if he was acquainted with the residence of the famous mountebank Donato?

"The villain who has the barbarity to shut up a little girl in a hat box: do you mean?"

"Yes, the same."

"It's a pity you did not come two days ago. He has just left our neighborhood. The poor child he treats so brutally is ill. We remonstrated with him on her account and that evening he disappeared. And you want to find him?"

"Yes, I have business with him."

"With that ruffian? If I were you I would have nothing to do with him. But of course you know your own business best."

"It's no affair of mine."

"Have you any idea where he is at present?"

"No, I only know that he comes every morning from the direction of Belleville, that's all."

"Thank you, that's a clue," and James set off once more on his peregrinations. At last

weary and exhausted, he arrived at Belleville, and paused for a few moments to take his breath and find out his bearings.

It was the first time he had ever been in such a bad locality, and he knew not where to go for information.

An old dame, seated on a big stone, reading the news, noticing his embarrassment, kindly enquired: "Are you looking for someone, Sir?"

"I want to find a Gypsy called Donato. I have just heard that he resides at Belleville."

"Well, I think I have heard the name before, but my memory is so bad, I cannot say for certain if he is here now."

"And that's all you know about him?"

"That's all. And I don't want to know any more. There are such a lot of that abominable Gypsy tribe about the place. I keep well out of their way, I can tell you. Why don't you enquire at the Bampart Tavern? It's the resort of all the low comedians of the town. Ask to see Mme. Chipardeau, who runs the place. But I warn you to be on your guard, for she is as cunning as a fox, and a miser as well."

The tavern was not far distant and James soon found the way, but was heedless of the warnings he had just received. It was easily distinguished by its pretentious signboard, and was only one story high. The walls begrimed with dirt and placarded all over with advertisements, stood out in striking contrast with the neat white buildings on either side, which, raising their heads three stories above, seemed to look down in disdain on the dirty hotel below.

The door stood ajar and James took advantage of the situation to have a look within. It was quite in keeping with the exterior, dirt, untidiness and disorder everywhere, while the atmosphere of the place was fetid and repelling.

Notwithstanding an involuntary feeling of disgust, he advanced with firm step towards the counter behind which was seated a fat, coarse woman, with frizzled hair, snub nose and more than double chin.

At the sight of this respectable and unexpected customer, Madame putting down quickly the glass she was holding, called in a coarse, rough voice: "Simon, serve this gentleman, and be quick about it."

A tall, overgrown lad, his hair well plastered over his forehead with grease, came forward, dangling a serviette—(Serviette did I say? Dirty rag, I mean)—over his arm.

"Thank you," said James, with frigid politeness.



ness, "I do not require anything. I am come simply to make some enquiries."

"I shall be very pleased to render you any service, sir. May I ask the object of your visit?"

"I would like to know if there is an Italian Gypsy called Donato, living here?"

"Donato, did you say? Never heard of him? Mme. Chipardeau, do you know him?"

The great fat creature shook her head with an air of disdain. This stranger who only came to make inquiries was beneath her notice. Her smiles were reserved for paying guests. "Can you tell me if there are any travelling comedians in this neighborhood?"

"He's a detective in disguise," thought Mme. as she fumbled with the glasses. "I must be on my guard." And she made a mysterious sign to Simon, who was staring for all he was worth at the stranger. "May I ask, Sir, if this Donato has made any breach of law?"

"None whatever that I am aware of. I am not concerned with his antecedents. The person who wishes to see him has very good intentions in his regard, and I will handsomely reward anyone who will help me to find him."

At this tempting bait, Madame's attitude towards her visitor was changed. She descended from her high horse, and approaching him, whispered in a low, confidential tone: "If you will be nice and generous, Sir, we might be able to find this Donato. What do you think, Simon?"

"I think it's possible."

"But," continued Madame, "it cannot be done in a moment. Belleville is a large place and it will take some time to search it thoroughly from end to end."

"You can take as much time as is necessary," James replied, and in the meanwhile I will await here the result of your endeavors." So seating himself quietly in a corner, he asked for the daily paper, to pass the time.

They brought him one several weeks old, but he took no notice. Putting on his spectacles he opened it gingerly with the tips of his fingers, for it was all over grease, and commenced to read. While he was thus engaged Mme. drew Simon into the kitchen and carefully shutting the door, exclaimed in delight, "Well, my dear, here's a piece of good luck. We'll make a good haul this time. Now listen to me and do what I tell you. Go straight up to your room and stay there quietly for an hour or so. Then mount up to Donato's garret and tell him all that has passed. Come down together and go out by the back door, take a turn round and come in together at the front, you understand?"

Simon winked knowingly, and went off to his room grinning with delight at the turn of af-

fairs; rested on his bed and built innumerable castles in the air, until the appointed time was over.

As to Madame, she returned to the bar with the air of one who had just given most important directions and began to serve the customers who were now crowding in.

The time passed slowly for poor James. He had read the paper twice over, and consulted his watch many times, but yet no sign of Simon or Donato. At length, weary of waiting and anxious to escape from the deleterious atmosphere of the place, he rose and, putting on his hat, went out, just as Simon and Donato came in by the entrance gate.

"Here he is, Sir," exclaimed Simon, making pretence of wiping the sweat from his forehead. "I've had a fine job to find him, I can tell you. This is your Donato, and I trust you will repay my trouble generously?"

"Take this," said James, placing a gold piece in Simon's hand. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

"May I ask, Sir," said Donato, "the reason of your visit to these parts; this young man tells me that you are looking for me."

"It is so. My young mistress, the Countess of Lussey, wishes to see you. That is all I know, but I feel sure you will not regret acceding to her desire."

"It seems a strange whim, but I will do as she wishes, only allow me to change my attire for something more presentable."

As soon as Donato had retired, Madame Chipardeau came forward, all smiles and endeavors to curtsy as far as her large proportions would admit. "I trust, Sir," she said, "that your generosity will not leave unrewarded the service I have done you in allowing my boy to be away for so long a time on your service. You can understand how much his absence has inconvenienced me and fatigue I have endured in serving so many customers alone?"

James, without a reply to this tirade, emptied the contents of his purse into her hand, and departed with Donato, whose improvised costume had completely transformed him to his advantage.

## CHAPTER 4

### DONATO HESITATES

AS THEY went down from Belleville, Donato, whose curiosity was much excited, began to question the old man, who, silent and preoccupied, paid very little attention to his companion, answering in monosyllables and by his disdainful air repelling all further conversation.

At last they arrived at the Hotel de Lussey. As they passed through the large and richly furnished apartments, perfumed and adorned

with hothouse plants and flowers, the Gypsy nearly lost his head; but when he found himself in presence of the young Countess in her deep mourning robe and saw the shades of sorrow on her fair young face, he felt deeply moved (for he had still some feelings of generosity left in his heart) and dropped into the chair, towards which she had motioned him, quite overcome.

"Leave us alone, James, for a little while," she said gently. Then perceiving the old man's reluctance to depart added in a low voice, "do not be uneasy, I will ring if I want anything." As the door closed the Countess advanced towards Donato, who rose from his seat and bowing profoundly remained standing in the attitude of one who knew how to behave in the presence of a lady.

Eliane was much agitated and her heart beat violently, but making a strong effort to conquer her emotion, she said in Italian, "Be seated, I beg of you. I have a very important affair to transact with you. You have, I believe, a young child in your care."

"I have, Madam."

"And you love her and count on keeping her always with you?"

"Yes, I love her with all my heart. She is my only joy, my only companion here on earth. For her I would shed the last drop of my blood."

"And yet the life you make her lead, cannot be an easy or pleasant one for her."

"Do you mean to say, Madam, that Stella is suffering, that she is unhappy?"

"I assert nothing, I only ask a question. Is this child your own?"

"No, she is not. But I have sacred and indisputable rights over her. Nothing in this world can break the bonds that unite us so closely to one another."

"But if I offer you a fortune, will you cede these rights to me?"

"A fortune, Madam, but Stella is in herself a fortune, exceeding in value all that you could lay at my feet."

"True. Stella is indeed a pearl of great price, and I have seen with my own eyes how much she can gain for you each day, but reflect that a child's life is fragile, a breath may destroy it. This means of livelihood may fail you in a moment; and then what will you have to rely upon for your subsistence, left to your own resources, without friends or means; advanced in years and threatened with infirmities and troubles of all kinds?"

"I feel no uneasiness on that score. Stella is not in danger of an early death. She has a long and brilliant career before her, which I will know how to make happy. She shall be rich as a Princess and happy as a Queen."

"With the gold she gains for you?"

"I am not speaking, Madam, of the pecuniary means I have at my disposal."

"Well, then, admitting that you are rich enough to want for nothing in this world, may I ask if you have made any compact with death, that terrible tyrant from whose dread grasp no one can escape? This dear child on whom you found such hopes is not invulnerable. As long as she is young and healthy, you have little to fear from reverse of fortunes. Her beauty, agility, and fairylike form assure her success from the crowd always eager for novelty and diversion, but you must seriously consider the fact that Stella cannot remain stationary; she is beginning to grow, her limbs will lose their elasticity, and soon it will be impossible for her to go through the performances that excite such admiration. And then what can you do?"

Donato remained silent. Never had he heard an argument more reasonable or persuasive, and in spite of his reluctance to yield he knew it was the truth.

"Stella's health, so far has given no cause for uneasiness, nor does it appear likely to prove an obstacle to the fortune I dream of for her in the near future."

"But have you considered that God can in a moment destroy all your plans? An accident, a sudden illness may overtake her; and then?"

"In that case Stella can change her mode of life and shine upon a more agreeable stage. I will see to that."

"Without consulting her inclinations, or aptitude, or her own wishes?"

"Stella is my property and possession, she shall have no other will than mine".

*(Continued on page 452)*

## Homesick

NANCY BUCKLEY

Sick am I of the noisy town—  
Sick of its pride and lust—  
Where man's nobility goes down  
In the fight for golden dust.

I tread its teeming streets, but oh,  
My heart is far away  
Where winds a road I used to know—  
A little road of grey;  
And where a breeze blows cool and light  
Beneath a dreaming sky,  
Where in the meadows daisy-white  
Glad larks go winging by.

Sick am I of the ways of men—  
Sick of their foolish play....  
I long to walk just once again  
That little road of grey.

## "Jesus Concealed Himself"

*Mass in Hiding and Priest in Disguise*

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"ISN'T it too bad, Father, that throughout all Mexico not a single Mass has been celebrated these many months?" exclaimed Mr. Braddock as he lay down the paper he had been reading.

"Do you think that Mexico is without Mass altogether?" queried Father Gilbert quietly. "The N. C. W. C. release of Oct. 20 of last year tells us that Catholics are prevented from the exercise of private devotions. A sojourn of fifteen days in jail or a fine of 500 pesos (about \$250 in U. S. money) is the penalty imposed on all persons who gather in private homes to attend Mass. In Chihuahua General Zargosa has declared a penalty of one month's imprisonment for all persons rendering themselves guilty of this offense. Similar orders have been issued by the military authorities in the states of Durango, Michoacan, and Guanajuato, but reports indicate that the faithful are openly defying them. In Durango Canon Don Leopoldo Bustamante and the Rev. J. Castanado Gallegos have been detained by order of Governor General Enrique Najera and placed in the custody of General Enrique Leo, chief of military operations, on the charge of having celebrated Mass in a private residence and of having expressed encouragement for the rebel uprising at Santiago Bayacora. Sidney Sutherland, a correspondent of 'Liberty,' writes from Mexico: 'Today priests are in hiding, growing mustaches to thwart the Federal Secret Service police; religion is dispensed by ecclesiastical bootleggers who bless their flocks in obscure patios and in darkened rooms; the age of the Catacombs and of the fugitive Christian martyrs is at hand once more.' Of late similar sad reports have become more and more numerous. The Holy Father in his encyclical on the Mexican situation in November bewailed the fact that the Mexican priests had to say Mass in private. He adds: 'We have learned that certain priests have been suddenly set upon while celebrating Mass in their own homes or in the

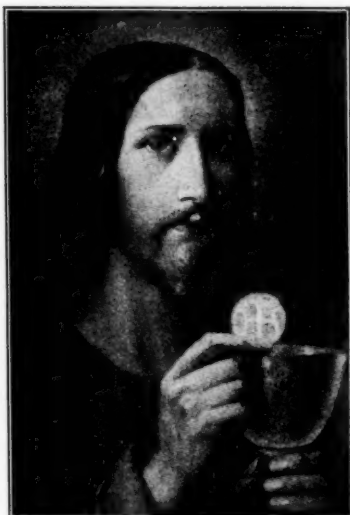
homes of friends, that the Holy Eucharist was outraged in the basest manner, and the priests themselves carried off to prison.' So Mexico evidently has the blessing of at least some Masses."

"I am glad to hear that, Father."

"Yes, Christ can be driven into hiding, but He will not be banished. So it was when the Jews persecuted Him prior to His crucifixion and so ever since it has been in all persecutions. Catholic service, banned from the public, found its way to catacombs of every form and shape."

"The trouble is, Father, it's the law in Mexico."

"Rather, it's a Mexican tyrant basing himself on an illegal constitution that forbids such service. It is better to obey God than man. No law is valid when it denies God Himself His own rights. Therefore, Catholic bishops and priests never held themselves bound by such laws. Hence, they have ever been most ingenious in finding means of giving our Lord His Eucharistic existence in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. During the persecution of Diocletian St. Lucian was taken captive at Nicomedia and imprisoned with other



THIS IS MY BODY

Christians. On New Year's day of 312 his comrades feared that he would not outlive the day. For that reason they entreated him to celebrate for them the Sacred Mysteries and dispense unto them Holy Communion. The saint, lying on his back, with only his hands free, employed his bosom as an altar on which he consecrated the bread and the wine.

"We all know, too, how the early Christians of Rome took refuge in the underground passages in order to conduct sacred services. They offered up the Holy Sacrifice on the tombs of the martyrs. They were often surprised by the heathens and led before judges to be condemned to death."

"Were there any other catacombs besides those at Rome?"

"About two years ago the 'Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament' gave an account of Hol-



land's catacombs. In the province of Limberg there are old sandstone and marl-stone quarries forming a very maze of underground passages: there are streets and lanes, chambers and halls of various sizes and shapes. Sometimes these labyrinths were the haunts of murderous gangs that terrorized the neighborhood. In time of persecution, however, they became refuges of the Christians and provided them with churches and dwellings. Thus, during the French Revolution, conditions in the Netherlands became more and more as we see them in Mexico today. Priests were traced like wild beasts, and prices were set upon their heads. Some sought refuge in the Geul Valley whither the faithful also flocked under the cover of night to attend the Sacred Rites. In one of the quarries of Valkenburg the altar, benches, and all the ordinary church furniture were cut out in the mountain itself as we still find them today. The following inscriptions are still readable: "Twenty-one months the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was daily offered up in this chapel; indeed, the Lord was in this place; the place whereon thou standest is holy."

"The other day, if my memory serves me rightly, you made mention of Bishop Bruté in connection with the French Revolution.

"Probably I did. In the biography written by himself we read: 'Under the chapel (the house chapel of the family), and, more precisely still, in the room immediately beneath its sanctuary did we erect our secret altar during the dark days of the Revolution, where two venerable priests, venerable by their age and still more venerable by their pure and blameless lives, officiated. They were concealed in our apartments with all that anxious privacy which their safety and our own prescribed. . . . In that room they both slept and lived, and there also they offered the Holy Sacrifice. Each morning when they had finished their early private devotions and preparatory exercises, my mother, having seen that all was ready, called the family together and led them to that sacred room; one or two only were left to keep watch and give notice in case of any alarm. For two years, or nearly two years, Mass was thus celebrated in that room.' Thus you see what Bishop Bruté was forced to witness as a youth."

"Yes, the foundations for his saintliness were laid early."

"Whilst we are dealing with the French Revolution, I should like to call your attention to another instance of Mass said in secret during that period. Many priests were deported to Cananama, which soon became their charnel house. Eight, however, were permitted to retire to a more healthful spot called Sinamary. Here in the character of colonists they rented

a small house for themselves. Here they hoped to escape notice and to be enabled to celebrate Holy Mass unhindered during their stay. In their departure they had been able to collect the requisites for the Holy Sacrifice: a tin cup was their chalice, a piece of lead hammered flat served as a paten, the hosts they baked themselves, and wine was plentiful in the region. Next to the kitchen of their apartments was a sort of pantry which was without a window and measured five feet one way and four another. Here, behind locked doors, beginning shortly after midnight, they daily said Holy Mass. There was room for only two in the little chapel; the rest knelt in the kitchen. When all eight had had their privileged turn at the altar, they hastily removed all traces of the sacred utensils. Occasionally the officers called at the rickety building, but they never suspected that between midnight and dawn the 'law' had been violated eight times every day."

"Yes, from what I have read of the French Revolution, things were in a frightful mess there. But I scarcely suppose that those conditions were duplicated anywhere else."

"Mr. Braddock, fanaticism is fanaticism everywhere. Go to England. Under 'Good Queen Bess' the fate of priests who said Mass and of people who attended it was not a whit better. On one occasion Blessed Edmund Campion, S. J., the proscribed priest arrived at the Worthingtons, famous in persecution days. Quickly the news spread among the faithful Catholics; eager crowds hastened by night to Blainscow Hall, the Worthington mansion, to see the missionary, to hear his burning words, and to receive at his hands the inestimable blessings of the sacraments that now could be obtained only at the risk of life and fortune. Amongst those blessings was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. But the enemy was on the watch and the spies were on the track. They surprised the Worthingtons, entered by stealth, and before the priest had time to retire to his hiding place, they were ransacking every room, pulling up floors, piercing the wainscoting with gauntlets, peering into every hole and cranny, and pocketing every stray object that they could lay their hands upon. Others searched the garden and the farmyard and suddenly came upon Father Campion who had just been warned of his danger by a maidservant. This woman's ready wit and presence of mind saved the priest for the present and staved off the ruin of her master's family. Feigning anger at some familiarity which the supposed servant man had addressed to her she retorted with sharp contemptuous words and thrust him into a dirty stagnant pond near which they were standing. The enemies enjoyed the 'joke' and the priest emerged from the mud which formed



the most effectual of disguises. The hirelings retired without their prey and the Father was once more saved.

"Also at Roxall Hall, the Allen home, owned by the widow of the Cardinal's brother, Mass was said during the fiercest period of the Elizabethan persecution. Never was there less than one priest at Roxall and it was a common thing for three Masses to be said in a little secret chapel under the roof long before the dawn of day. On the anniversary of her husband's death this pious widow had twelve priests to offer up the Holy Sacrifice in her house. She herself being forced to be more or less in hiding, especially at night, always returned in the morning to assist at these secret Masses. These Masses and Communion were her only comfort and support during those harrowing days.

"Many a time the prisons of England were scenes of religious services, Mass included. Some of the jailers, because of their greed, would grant certain favors to the priests, provided they pay for them. Thus, a Father Lawrence Worthington established a little chapel at the Gatehouse prison where he was himself a captive. He even from time to time had exposition of the Blessed Sacrament 'in a crystal box or case shining with rays.' Likewise Father Daviess in the castle of Beaumaris, being able to procure vestments and other requisites for the Holy Sacrifice, was privileged to offer up Holy Mass within those gloomy prison walls. It so happened that when this holy priest was martyred, his cassock, still dripping with blood, was placed on that very table where, and at the very hour of the day (8 o'clock) at which, he was wont to say his daily Mass.

"At the later period the Catholics of England became more bold, at least in the more remote districts. Mass was said openly in taverns and inns. In London, too, there were alehouse chapels—strange as the name may sound—but these were simply chapels in the garrets of the buildings. No one could gain entrance to these garrets unless he knew the password. A casual visitor, inspecting these garrets by the day, would little suspect that here the Sacred Mysteries had been celebrated in early morn. On one occasion, when he was finishing Mass Bishop Hornyold, a contemporary of Dr. Challoner, was almost caught by the constables who came to seize him as a Catholic priest. He saved himself by substituting a woman's cap for his flowing periwig and by throwing a large, woman's cloak over his vestments. Then in this disguise he threw himself into a corner of the room in an attitude of prayer. The ruse had the desired effect."

"These priests knew how to mingle a little

humor with the gloomy events of their hard life."

"They surely did. That reminds me of the priest who engaged in selling mousetraps?"

"Oh, Father, you are joshing now."

"No, I am not. Such was actually the case in Upsala in Sweden. The priest was the German Jesuit, Father Schacht. His trade gave him an entrance into most homes. His keen eye soon detected traces of Catholicity wherever they existed. These people needed and desired the consolations of their faith in life and in death. He administered the sacraments and offered the Holy Sacrifice in secret, for the Catholic religion was forbidden in Sweden under the severest penalties and Catholic priests were executed outright. He thus devoted himself to this holy service for a long time until he was betrayed, placed on the rack, thrown into chains, and finally, after many sufferings, exiled from the country. His host died a martyr's death for the faith. Father Schacht himself departed this life at Hamburg at the age of 69 in 1654.

"From all this you see what sacrifices priest and people will make to get the blessings of Holy Mass. It is especially then, when opportunities for Mass become rarer and more difficult, that Catholics appreciate this privilege all the more."

"Father, I do hope that the good Mexican priests and their people will not forego their God-given right and that by the use of this right they will soon bring back the Holy Sacrifice within reach of the 11,000,000 people of that unfortunate country."

"Yes, but we must do our share by frequent prayers, Communion, and attendance at Mass to help them attain this end."

## Golden Wheat\*

MINNIE MORTIMER

Golden wheat, yellow wheat,  
Whisper, did you hear  
Jesu's name pure and sweet  
Murmured in your ear?

Golden wheat, yellow wheat,  
Did you bow your head  
When the patter of His feet  
Sounded near your bed?

Golden wheat! Wheat Divine!  
Thou art Christ the Lord.  
Feed this hungry soul of mine;  
Come, my Love adored.

\* Miss Minnie Mortimer passed, as we hope, to a better life at her home in England on December 23, 1926. R. I. P.

# The Valentine

CLARE HAMPTON

IT was evening, and the offices of the American Oil Co. had just closed. Some fifteen clerks and stenographers had filed out of the corridors of the building, but the president and secretary were still in their private offices, and Paolo Gonzales, the young and sprightly book-keeper, had emerged from the office of the first-named with a heavy, loose-leaf sales book in his arms, where he had been discussing business with his employer. Having locked up the book in the safe, he too soon took his departure, having noted with regret that the rest of the office was empty. For he had hoped to be finished with his work in time to accompany Miss Jerome, one of the American stenographers, part of the way home, as he contrived to do nightly.

But this evening he was not so downhearted about it as he would have been on another night, for he had a pleasant scheme in his mind, which he hoped to be able to carry out successfully. So, instead of going straight home, he turned down an obscure street and walked several squares before he stopped in front of a still more obscure house. It was a very primitive adobe house which had once been white-washed, but which now looked draggled and streaked from many rains. The windows were shuttered, and the door was of plain, stout oak boards, with but a tiny, crescent-shaped peephole cut high up in the center board. Looking cautiously up and down the street, and satisfied that no one noticed him, he gave a preconcerted signal—two raps, a short interval, and two more raps, on the door.

Presently two eyes appeared at the crescent and surveyed the visitor. Then the door opened, and he was admitted. Once within, he respectfully doffed his hat and bowed low and reverently to the lady who had opened to him, while she securely barred the door again.

"I came to get the Sacred Heart which Sister Cypriana was to paint for me," he said. The lady was dressed in plain homespun cloth, such as the poorer classes used, with a black square of cloth on her head, tied under her chin, shawl-wise. She bowed, motioned him to a three-legged stool, the only furniture in the bare, brick-paved little hall that led to a room on either side, and ladderlike stair at the rear, and then disappeared in the room on the left. Paolo had been there before, but still he looked about him with interest. The absolute stillness, coupled with the bare poverty of the place, charmed him, for it was the abode of holiness—

the refuge of a handful of banished nuns who had secreted themselves here, daring persecution and unjust mandates for the sake of the consecrated life they so cherished, and could not bear to give up.

Dressed as plain peasant women, they led a quiet life in the poor, tumble-down house, following their rule still to the letter, rising at night for their Matins, and again in the early morn, saying the rosary in a unison of subdued voices, and making spiritual communions in lieu of the Mass and sacramental Communion, of which they were now deprived. They did needlework for a living, or painted exquisite art pieces, which were often secretly sent to be sold in the States, where they commanded a much better price than at home. Besides, much caution had to be used, for if the smallest hint were to reach the authorities, all was lost.

Soon the door opened again and Sister Cypriana, in noiseless, homemade, cloth shoes, came out with something white and glistening in her hands. It was a large booklet with white satin covers, on the top of which had been painted a beautiful Sacred Heart, while within, on one or two dainty, spotless leaves, was printed in delicate gold letters, a touching and appropriate verse. The satin edges were beautifully embroidered, while the inner leaves were held in place by a white satin ribbon, tied in a dainty rosette at the back.

"It is beautiful, Señora," he said—they did not dare use the word "Sister"—"I do not see how you can imagine such lovely things to make. I am sure I never could myself. Now, what do I owe you for your work?" Sister Cypriana waved him away.

"You have done so much for us, Mr. Gonzales, that I will just give you this as a gift. Besides, I am going to ask another favor of you."

"But, Señora, you must live, you and the others—I insist that you take this—(he proffered some coins)—not as pay for this work, if you will, but so you may buy necessities. And now, what is the other favor?"

"Really, I am an awful nuisance, am I not?" asked the nun, deprecatingly. "But I have been writing some music, thinking I might be able to swell our exchequer if it could be published in the States. It is an *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*, and possibly, if they would advertise the fact that it was written by us down here, it might attract greater attention, and bring in

more sales." Paolo took the sheets from the nun's hand.

"I will be very glad to send it to Father Jordan, who is a Jesuit and a very fine musician. He is a professor at Xavier College up in Perryville, and has published several pieces of music himself. I am sure he will be glad to use his influence with the publishers to help you out."

Sister Cypriana grasped the young man's hand.

"How can I thank you, Mr. Gonzales! I do not know how I will ever be able to repay you for all you have done. I am afraid I will have to leave it to Our Lord. After all, He will reward you better than I can."

"Señora, don't even mention it. After all, I am a very self-seeking person. I have such pleasure in helping you that Our Lord will say it is reward enough." The nun smiled.

"Yes, I know how self-seeking you are. Well, you will certainly not be forgotten in our prayers, remember that."

"That reminds me, Señora. Don't pray for me, but for the recipient of this beautiful Sacred Heart you painted for me. I am going to tell you a secret. There is a girl in our office—a very good, beautiful girl—she is a non-Catholic, and I—care for her very much. Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day, and I mean to slip it into her desk drawer unbeknownst. Pray, Señora, that the good Sacred Heart may draw her. Pray for her conversion."

The nun was much impressed, and a slight moisture was in her eyes.

"I will, indeed I will, and not only I, but we will all join our voices in supplication for this darling wish of your heart." The side door opened, and an older nun beckoned to Sister Cypriana. After a short conference, the latter returned to her visitor.

"Mother bids me tell you a delightful secret, which you are to broadcast quietly to all the Catholics you can reach. There is to be holy Mass on Thursday morning, very early—at three o'clock, down in the third cellar of the old abandoned distillery on San Angelo Street. You must go to the old door in the East wall—it is half hidden by a pile of rubbish and fallen bricks—you must give three long knocks and two short—a man will open to you—the password is 'Madre Dios.' Another man will lead you down the subterranean path—there are many flights of rough stone steps. You would do well to bring a flashlight with you. The Padre will hear confessions, and give Holy Communion during Mass. But be very, very careful that no outsider hears of it—but, of course, I know you will be prudent, and I need not add this precaution."

"You are going too, Señora, and your com-

panions?" The nun nodded, and her face was lit up with unearthly joy.

"Ah, yes! The Beloved will come to us once again after three long months! We are going by twos and threes, and will come from divers directions, so no one will notice. We will carry baskets on our arms, and bundles on our heads, so we may pass as peasants going to market."

"Thank God, He gives us this chance to imitate the holy martyrs in the catacombs, and thank you, good Señora, for telling me of it. I would not miss it for ten million American dollars!"

A moment later the rough oak door had closed behind him, the Señora had gone back to her prayers and duties, and Paolo carefully buttoned his coat, in the inside breast pocket of which, wrapped in white tissue, nestled the precious satin Sacred Heart booklet which was destined to bring good wishes and untold blessing to a Protestant heart.

He headed in the direction of his home, many thoughts surging in his head; then, suddenly, he stopped. A flashlight! Of course; he must have one. It might serve to light others beside himself down the subterranean path. He debated whether to turn back and buy one at once, or wait until the morrow. To-morrow was Wednesday; perhaps others would be buying them to-morrow, and if this were noticed, it would draw down suspicion, for one could not be cautious enough in these perilous times. Yes, he would go back now, to the downtown district, and purchase one before anyone else did. So he retraced his steps, and before long was in the brightly lighted district of the shops.

He stopped before a hardware store, where many bright steel tools and other kinds of hardware were displayed, as also a rack, with various sizes of flashlights standing in it. As he gazed, he became aware of someone standing beside him.

"Nice evening, Señor," said an oily voice. Paolo turned, to find an oily-faced, slouching policeman standing beside him.

"Oh, very fine indeed, officer," he replied, and moved into the store. He did not notice, as he handled the different flashlights presented for his inspection, that two snaky black eyes were intently watching him from outside the plate-glass window. Having made his selection, he pocketed his purchase, and walked out. The policeman was lounging against the wall now, hands in his trousers pockets. A lazy smile was on his dissipated-looking face.

"What may you be intending to do with a flashlight, Caballero?" he asked, insinuatingly. Paolo knew the insolence of these fellows, and felt it was best to give a civil answer. He tried to turn it into a joke.



"Oh, we have rats in our cellar, and I sometimes go down at night to see if there is anything in the trap."

"Rats, eh?" The fellow was smiling more broadly now, displaying a row of disreputable yellow fangs. "Perhaps it would be cheaper to feed a cat, Señor. New batteries are expensive, and cats do not need flashlights." Paolo felt the mockery beneath the oily smile.

"That's just the trouble, sir," was his ready answer. "Our old cat would rather go out nights serenading other people on back fences, than stay in our cellar and catch rats."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the fellow. "Pretty good; well then, perhaps you need the flashlight to go out and hunt your cat?" Paolo nodded.

"That's just about what I'll have to do, I guess." And with this seeming pleasantry, the young man moved on, not without turning around now and then, however, to verify the feeling that he was being followed. He was. The policeman was less than three quarters of a square behind.

"Lucky I bought this flashlight tonight; the fellow may watch me to-night and to-morrow, but by Thursday he will be tired and go away."

Paolo was right. As he turned into his own doorway, he saw the dim figure of the white-clad policeman slowly sauntering along toward him. Later, after he had had his supper, the young man peeped between the drawn blinds to the street below. The white figure was leaning against a corner of the house. A mischievous thought came to him.

"I'll give him a run for his money," he suddenly decided, and going over to his old mother, he whispered to her for a moment or two. Presently, smiling, she gave him a sheet, which he put over his head. Flashlight in hand, he let himself out of the rear door of the house, and came out of the side garden gate without a sound. There stood the lazy white figure as before, only the fellow was looking up toward the second floor windows. Pressing the button of the flashlight, the sheet was illumined from within, and, slowly advancing, Paolo let out an unearthly wail. The officer straightened up with a jerk and looked about him. Suddenly he beheld what he thought was a supernatural being. Throwing up his hands, he yelled like one possessed, and fled affrighted down the street. In a trice, Paolo had whipped off the sheet; in the safe darkness he regained the garden, and in another moment was upstairs, laughingly relating the incident to his mother.

Next morning he was down at the office a little earlier than the other employees, and when Miss Jerome sat down to begin her morning's work, he was apparently busily engaged in checking up long columns of figures on the

report sheets lying before him, nor did he seem to notice her in the least. But if the truth were told, not one of her movements escaped him, and it was with loudly beating heart that he noted from the tail of his eye that she was opening her top desk drawer to get some letter-heads. Of course, the first thing she discovered was the white tissue-paper-wrapped something, tied with white satin ribbon, with a tiny card half tucked away beneath the top fold of paper. "To My Valentine," she read, wonderingly, and then looked at the calendar on her desk. Of course! February 14th, St. Valentine's Day, and she had all but forgotten it. Well, who could have remembered her anyway? was her soliloquy. Paolo dared not look now, but he heard the swish of the tissue paper, and knew that she was opening it.

A little gasp escaped her as she beheld the exquisite hand-painted Heart with its dainty embroidered edge, and she was so engrossed with the gold-lettered verses within that she did not notice two curious black eyes peering from a swarthy face at a desk slightly behind hers. It was Pedro Gernez, a salesman, whose clever, slippery ways gained him many sales, but few real friends. His eyes narrowed with hate as he beheld the familiar emblem, which he knew was taboo during the present "enlightened" regime, along with other relics of the "dark, ignorant ages of the past." Helen's first thought after reading its sweet message, was to show it to Paolo. Pedro watched them venomously. He had tried, unsuccessfully, to gain Miss Jerome's particular friendship, and had failed.

"Little fibber," he muttered under his breath. "She told me she was a Protestant."

Meanwhile, Paolo was blushing manfully, the while he tried hard to retain his composure.

"Look what someone slipped into my desk," she said. "Isn't it too beautiful? Now I wonder who was kind enough to remember me like that?" And she looked up at him. He blushed more furiously than ever, and then she knew—and it was her turn to blush.

"Did you—you don't mean to say that you—" she could get no farther. And then they both laughed in confusion.

"Yes, Miss Jerome, I did it. I might as well own up. I am glad you like it. It has a double meaning—some day I will explain why I chose that particular emblem. It is not only a heart, but Someone's Heart." She grew grave at once.

"Oh, I know," she said reverently. "I've seen such pictures before. It is the Heart of Jesus, and you thought it would be nicer to give me a picture of *His* Heart than just any old heart. I surely appreciate it; it was lovely to combine the two ideas like that."

Carefully wrapping the booklet in its paper,



she was about to go back to her desk, when Paolo detained her for a moment.

"Don't let anyone else see it," he cautioned. "You know why." She nodded her head and quickly tucked it into her handbag. But all that morning her heart sang, and she scarcely knew why. There seemed to her something so sweet and wonderful in the combined message of earthly and heavenly love—something so white and pure and beautiful that it quite threw her into an ecstasy. And she was still absorbed in her beautiful new dream, when a voice accosted her from behind.

"Say, didn't you tell me you were a Protestant?" She straightened up.

"Why, of course. I still am. What of it?"

"Thought you Protestants don't believe in worshipping images, or having any sort of painted representations of holy things." Helen knew whereof he spoke, and she bit her lip. Why hadn't she been more careful?

"Mr. Gernez, wouldn't you cherish a picture of your wife or mother?"

"Oh, why of course. But that is—"

"Well, it's the same here. I don't worship the image, but the living God Whom it represents." The black eyes narrowed again, and a mocking smile overspread the swarthy face.

"So you're a Protestant, eh? What church do you attend? San Gabriel?" Her eyes suddenly grew steely cold, and her brows knitted, as she replied:

"Mr. Gernez, I've work to do. I haven't time to discuss religion just now, and besides, what should it matter to you?" At the same time, she realized that he did not believe she was a Protestant. She seated herself and thought he was gone; but not so. He chose to ignore her rebuff, and returned to the onslaught.

"Say, Miss Jerome, are you doing anything to-night?"

"Why yes. I was going to a friend's for supper."

"To-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night I take my music lesson."

"Friday then?"

"Sorry, but I shall be busy on that evening too." "It's true, I have to make over a dress," was her inward comment. Suddenly, Gernez' brows met in a scowl, and his lips tightened.

"All right!" he clipped out curtly, and returned to his desk. That evening he watched Paolo and Helen leave the office together and walk, talking and laughing; down the street, and a venomous sneer was upon his lips. From his pocket he pulled a paper and read it over exultingly. It was a dodger of some kind, purporting to offer a reward for the apprehension of any Catholic caught in a misdemeanor against the existing law.

"I'll pull in a little extra coin for myself," he

muttered in the slang he had learned from the Americans.

"May I escort you over to the friend's house?" Paolo was asking, after she had told him of Gernez. She laughed.

"Do you know who the friend is? Carmelita, the cook over at Matteo's restaurant. She is a very good friend of mine, and I eat there nearly every evening." They both laughed heartily.

"Well, say; why not come home with me and sample the Madre's cooking? She is quite famous for her frijoles and chili, and there is always plenty for one more guest. Won't you come?" She hesitated a moment, then happily assented. As they approached Paolo's house, a figure in white slunk behind a fence; there was something familiar about it.

"I believe it's that darned policeman again," said the young man, squinting his eyes in the dim starlight. "He means no good, I'm sure of that. I scared him away last night—" And then Paolo related his adventure of the evening before, and, feeling that Helen was perfectly trustworthy, he told her the secret of the Mass that was to be celebrated in the small hours of the morning, in the bowels of the earth beneath the abandoned distillery. "I wish you could go with us, and feel the ecstasy of

## The Daily Communicant

CATHERINE MCPARTLIN

Saint Gertrude's prayers as lilies shone  
Before the sacramental veil,  
As roses bloomed her heart's desires  
For Jesus in the Grail;  
Once I of rose and lily dreamed  
To make my soul for Him most fair,  
Who now come daily to His feet  
With scars to show Him there.

Saint Margaret Mary's heart was flame,  
Saint Francis' soul was sweet with song,  
St. Rita's faith made roses blow  
While winter days were long;  
My tepid heart has felt His fire,  
And trembled as to music sweet,  
My faith has brought me through the cold  
The Lord of Love to greet:

I only know He bade us come  
With weary burdens overweighed,  
That on the blind, the halt, and sick,  
Restoring hands He laid.  
"Make me a saint,"—that daily prayer  
I place within His hidden will,  
And thank Him for the grace to dare,  
To seek and trust Him still.

once more receiving Our Lord, after having been deprived of Him for so long." Helen's eyes shone.

"It must be a wonderful Faith that makes you dare such danger!"

"If I do not show up next day at the office, you will know that we have been caught. But God grant that such may not be the case. You know, it is a precarious business. I was cautioned not to tell any but Catholics of it, but I want you to know how much trust I place in you; that is why I told you." And he pressed her hand fervently. Her heart was too full for words, and in silence she returned the pressure. By this time they had reached Paolo's doorway. The policeman was nowhere to be seen, and they had forgotten all about him in their deep absorption. They went up, and Helen was received with beaming hospitality by Señora Gonzales, who was proud to do everything in her power to make her son's American friend at ease. She left two hours later, and Paolo accompanied her home. "May the Sacred Heart keep you," were his parting words, and, strangely enough, the words kept repeating themselves over and over in her mind with sweet intensity until she fell asleep. She seemed caught up and cradled in the arms of something divine and wonderful, and in the morning, when she awoke, the feeling was still there.

Half in a dream, she dressed and had her breakfast, and left the house at the usual time in order to be at the office at eight. On the way she thought of Paolo attending the secret Mass beneath the distillery, and wondered whether he were safe. She would soon know, she told herself. She was about to enter the office building, when there was a sudden commotion, and someone grasped her arms from behind and pinioned them there, while someone else snapped a pair of handcuffs onto her wrists. At the same time someone roughly snatched her handbag from her hand; a soldier appeared on either side of her, and with a rough word of command, bade her march forward.

But she stopped indignantly, and vainly tried to free her hands.

"What does this mean?" she inquired angrily. "Do you know who I am? I'm an American, and you can't handle me like this!" The fellows did not seem to understand, but rattled out a string of Spanish at her, and again pushed her forward. "Oh, just you wait! When my country hears of this, you'll suffer! Just you wait!" But either they did not care, or they did not understand, for they heeded her words no more than if she were a child. Passers-by were beginning to notice, and she appealed to them. "Help! Help! Won't somebody

help me? Save me from these fellows!" And again she struggled to free herself, but the two men's grips tightened with viselike cruelty on her arms, and she writhed with pain. Those who passed her either stared with careless curiosity, or smiled mockingly and passed remarks to each other, but no one cared to come to her aid.

After a short walk, they led her up the steps of an imposing white building, and into an office where several uniformed officers presided at desks. These looked up inquiringly as the girl was led in, and soon the chief among them asked what the charges were. One of the two men handed him Helen's handbag, which the chief proceeded to search. He took out a small purse with some currency and coins, two or three handkerchiefs, a silver compact, and a tissue-paper packet, which he opened. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as he beheld the Sacred Heart booklet, and passed it about for examination to his colleagues, who all nodded their heads, winked their eyes at each other, and sneered.

Helen squared her shoulders proudly, and faced them with defiance in her eyes.

"You'd better watch your step, my dear sirs! Remember, I'm from the United States, and they're going to hear about this! You can't arrest me! I haven't done anything. You'd better be careful, for my country will demand an explanation." The chief leaned forward with baneful eye.

"You are a Catholic?"

"No, I am not." She felt like adding, "But I wish I were."

"You lie!" shouted the chief, pointing his finger at her. Helen threw up her head proudly.

"Very well, then I lie. What does it matter to you?"

"You will find out, lady."

"Then so will you! Maybe you won't be so cocky when our ships come and smash up your towns and your parliament houses and your president's palace! Have a care, sir!" They conferred among themselves in low voices for a few moments, and then the two soldiers were ordered to take her out. She was brought to a small, low room, with a foot-square window, a barred door, and a chair and cot for furniture. There they left her. When they were gone, her spirits broke down and she wept, wondering what was to become of her. Presently, however, she became calmer, and a sudden remembrance came to her of something she had once read—"A Book of Golden Deeds" by Younge—wherein martyrs sang in their prisons and walked forth fearlessly to the lions or the stake. Was she not imprisoned for the same glorious cause? A warm wave of love swept over her heart, and she fell on her knees and prayed:

"Oh Sacred Heart, I have not been taught to call Thee that, but nevertheless Thou art the same Jesus, no matter what we call Thee. I am not of the persecuted fold, but I am suffering for their cause, and I thank Thee. It is a glorious privilege. If their fold is the true one, then I beg Thee to enlighten me, and I will boldly seek the Truth!"

Three days passed, and she was beginning to feel uneasy, and exerting her ingenuity for a way to let someone know of her plight. Toward evening of the third day, however, the guard came hastily to her cell, brought her hat, gloves, and handbag and bade her in broken English hastily to put them on. She was unceremoniously hustled down the corridor, and all but thrown out the prison gate, which was hastily closed and locked behind her, with every appearance of fear of being caught. Evidently, thought the happy girl, someone had instituted an investigation, and the wily authorities had thought best to be rid of her.

Her first thought was to search her handbag. Her purse, of course, was gone, which was to be expected. The handkerchiefs and compact were intact, but what caused her the greatest pang, was the absence of the Sacred Heart booklet, which had come to be such a precious possession. It pained her to think what indignities it might be suffering to satiate their demoniac fanaticism. She thought, too, of Paolo, and wondered if he were safe. But it was growing dark, and she was suffering for want of a bath and a change of linen, from her three-day incarceration, so she decided to go to her boarding house.

Next morning she was at her desk as usual, having explained her absence to her employer.

"The dirty scoundrels!" cried he. "I'm going right to our Consul, and have him demand an apology of the Government. This is an outrage!" But Helen begged him to forget about it. "No sir! We've got to make an example of someone, or they'll be pulling off all sorts of things!"

"I wonder why they released me so suddenly?" she mused.

"Well, I suppose it was this way. When you didn't appear here at the office for three days, I thought possibly you were ill. But when your landlady came down asking about you, saying you hadn't been home for two nights, I became suspicious. Most anything can happen down here, you know. So I telephoned the Police Department, telling them you are an American citizen, and telling them it would go hard with them if anything happened to you, and that I demanded an instant search. So I suppose they got busy."

"I thank you very much, Mr. Caldwell. If

you hadn't phoned them, I might have remained in jail indefinitely."

"By the way," he resumed, "Paolo has been absent since Thursday. I wonder what's the matter with him?" Helen suddenly went pale, and had much ado to restrain herself so her employer would not notice it. She returned to her desk trembling with anxiety and trying in vain to calm herself. So he had been caught—he and the whole devoted band of Catholics who so recklessly risked all in order to be present at one of the rites of their Faith! Her first impulse was to ask Mr. Caldwell to let her off for the morning, while she reconnoitered matters and discovered, if possible, whether her fears were well-founded. But, she reflected, it might seem queer, after having been absent three days, to ask for a further vacation. So she tried to work and preserve herself in patience until the noon hour, when she meant to make the trip over to the abandoned distillery.

The hours seemed to drag along, but at last the welcome noon bell rang in the main office, and her fingers began to tremble anew as she put on her hat in her eagerness to be off. She took a bus to the nearest point to the distillery and alighted, walking as fast as her anxious feet would carry her. Passing the East side of the building in a casual way, she yet kept her eyes for any visible clew. She soon obtained it. There, within the doorway sat five soldiers, playing cards on the ground, with bottles of liquor beside them. Even as she passed, a commissary truck stopped at the curb, and a not very neatly uniformed orderly unloaded a hamper of food, which he placed in the soldiers' midst with many jokes and bantering remarks. Having accepted a drink from the bottle of one of them, he lazily crawled back to the seat of the truck, and with a wave of the hand, and much back-firing of the vehicle, he was off.

Helen slowly circled the building, satisfied that the soldiers had paid little or no attention to her. The ground floor was all but windowless, except for three or four small, loop-hole-like slits high up in the wall, and her daring scheme of entering by some other means was baffled by the massive stonework which presented an almost unbroken surface along three sides of the house. Sadly she walked away with a feeling of chagrined helplessness, which, however, boiled and burned within her breast until, with clenched fists, she determined never to rest until she had devised some scheme or stratagem, by which she might liberate the entombed people. She never once thought of her own possible danger; in fact, self never entered into her thoughts at all, but her indignation at such feudal methods burned so high that she was determined at all costs to make their cause her own.



Her next move was to visit Paolo's home, to see what she could learn there. Having reached the house, she knocked once, twice, thrice—there was no bell. No answer. So she went around the garden gate to the rear and knocked again. Still no answer. A curious neighbor woman soon thrust her head over the wall, however, and surmising Helen's nationality, began talking in broken English.

"You look for Señora Gonzales? She no home. (She pronounced it 'homm'.) She no homm fo' two, t'ree days. I no see her. She mebbe estay wit' her daughter in country, I dunno." Helen nodded and thanked her, starting away at once, as she did not wish any further converse with the woman. Her worst fears had been confirmed! Paolo and his mother, together with all the Catholics, and the priest, were entombed in the subterranean vaults beneath the distillery. Her heart beat so hard it nearly suffocated her, and she ran to catch the bus which she saw coming a square away. Back at the office, dinnerless, her cheeks bore two hectic spots of excitement, as she feverishly and half mechanically tapped the keys of her typewriter. She saw, not the letterhead before her, but a dark, dank, smelly cellar, perhaps full of snakes and lizards, where a devoted band of people languished, suffering from hunger and thirst, and condemned to slow starvation. Time and again she wrung her hands secretly together while two snaky, exulting eyes watched her from the rear, satisfied that he had done away with his rival.

Several times he arose and attempted to begin a conversation with her, but she always gave him a curt answer, and rattled her keys more vigorously than ever. Well, he would be patient, thought Gernez. All things come to those who wait. Meanwhile, poor Helen wondered to whom she might go with her trouble, and could think of no one. Doubtless everyone to whom she would apply would hastily retreat with a strictly "hands off" policy, knowing the drastic measures the Government took with anyone who presumed to buck the law even in the smallest way. Then she thought of Mr. Caldwell; how his eyes had lighted up with indignation when he heard of her imprisonment! Might he not sympathize at least with Paolo, his efficient bookkeeper, and come to her aid with some suggestion?

Evening, and closing time, came, and as she closed her desk and watched the typewriter glide smoothly into place down in its well, she was fast making a decision. It was now or never! Crushing on her hat and grabbing her handbag, she boldly went to the president's private office and knocked.

"Come in!" said a courteous voice. Enter-

ing, she carefully closed the door, and began in a low voice:

"Mr. Caldwell, I know where Paolo is; he told me he was going to Mass down underneath an abandoned distillery, in the third cellar—you know these Catholics will dare anything for their religion. Well, I went past there this noon, and there are five soldiers guarding the entrance, and I am sure they have these people bottled up down in that living tomb, and mean to starve them to death. Oh, Mr. Caldwell, isn't there anything we can do?" During the recital, the man knitted his brows and paid the closest attention, and when she had finished, he replied:

"Well, Miss Jerome, I'm not a Catholic myself, but I must say it is hard to believe that such things are going on in our enlightened age. Now, let's see; let me think. I'd be ashamed to own up to my American manhood if I wasn't ready to help somebody in trouble. Pshaw! These fellows are nothing but a pack of cowards when it comes to the show-down, and it would give me the greatest pleasure to outwit them. Let me see; we will doubtless have to disguise ourselves, and use stratagem. It would never do for them to find out that we aided and abetted a parcel of 'lawbreakers'; it might start a war right off, eh?" And he laughed jovially.

So they put their heads together and concocted a clever scheme, which, they earnestly hoped, would work. At any rate, they laid their plans carefully, and they deserved to win. First, they went to the home of some poor people, who were delighted to receive good American money for a suit of man's and woman's clothing. Next, they agreed to meet again, in their disguise, at a certain corner. At the appointed time they started off toward the distillery, Mr. Caldwell fondling in his pockets, a brace of pistols and a flashlight.

"Now, you hide behind those bushes across the way, while I go three or four squares away and fire a few shots in the air. Then you scream and run toward the distillery. I will come running too, and if I judge rightly, the soldiers will come on the double-quick to see what's wrong. I will tell them that a revolution has started in Parliament Square, and that will keep them busy for awhile. Then you must take this flashlight and go down the subterranean stairs—you're not afraid, are you? Call Paolo on the way down—he'll hear you. Try to get the people out as fast as you can. Meanwhile, I'll keep the fellows busy—see this cartridge belt?" He lifted the edge of his coat. "Every now and then I'll be in another street and give them a shot or two—something to keep them on the scent. Pray that I don't meet any of those greasy policemen. Here's



a police whistle. When you've rescued the last person, and are a square away from the distillery, give me a blast on it to let me know that all is well. I won't be far off. This ought to be rare sport! I'll enjoy outwitting the 'Enlightened Government' of this land. You're not afraid now, are you?"

"Would I have come to you if I were? Well, I'm ready if you are."

"All right; let 'er go!—and God grant you success!"

"And you." And so they parted stealthily, Helen to hide, Mr. Caldwell to post himself about three or four squares away. There was an interval of perfect silence. Then, suddenly, on the quiet night air—it was eleven o'clock—rang two, three, four shots. Then a woman screamed. Suddenly, there was a scramble, a rattle of firearms, and a rush from the half-ruined doorway of the distillery. Helen heard the soldiers clatter down the street, and, coming from her hiding place, she looked keenly when they passed a dim street lamp, and was sure she counted five. It would not do for her to encounter a lone soldier left to guard the entrance way. Swiftly she ran over to the door, and for a moment, her heart beat so hard, she was afraid she would falter. But the thought of Paolo and his mother, and all the other poor entombed people suddenly nerved her on. If she died, she argued, at least it would be in a good cause. Cautiously she turned on her flashlight and raked the inside of the building, walking slowly and carefully, and listening every moment.

Presently she discovered what she was seeking—a cellar trapdoor. A large grindstone had been placed on top of it. Her first task was to remove this. But it was an enormous thing, and all but defied her strength. Moments were precious, and she was exhausting herself by pulling at the flat dead weight. Then a thought occurred to her; why not hammer on the door and signal to those below, so that they might begin coming up while she tugged at the stone? With her heel, she hammered as hard as she could, then returned again to her exhausting job. The stone was moving, inch by inch, but her strength was fast giving way. If only she could hold out. She must! She could never forgive herself if she failed. Every now and then she rested herself by hammering on the trap with her heel. Then again to the onslaught! Though a weak onslaught it was.

The stone was half off now. It seemed to her a century must have passed. Now and then she heard shots—first in one street, then in another; now near, then afar. "Oh please, God, keep the soldiers away until I move this awful stone!" she whispered in an agonized tone, the perspiration dropping from her forehead, it

seemed to her, in streams. Push; pull; tug; hammer, hammer. Then push, pull, tug. It was three quarters off now. What was that noise? Voices. Shutting off her flashlight, she lay low and listened. Trembling, she picked her way to the door, where the star-lit sky looked in. Not a soul was outside. Far away, shots still rang out, and now and then, shouts in the distance.

Back again to the dreadful stone. Only a little more now—courage! Push, pull, tug! Voices again! Could it be that—? But no; she had no time for surmises. With one more superhuman effort—Glory be to God—the stone was off. Her icy fingers were pulling at the iron ring now; the skin was tearing, blistering. Involuntarily she let out an agonized groan; "Paolo! Paolo!" She did not know it was the agonizing of her heart for one she unconsciously loved. Suddenly the door opened of itself, as if by magic—and Paolo's face appeared.

"Helen! You?"

"Yes! Hurry! Get everybody out before the

## Mary Enters the Temple

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

On the stained-glass Cathedral window,  
In the loveliest tints of art,  
Glows a picture that draws me always,  
For it touches my inmost heart.

The little Maid, Mary, is entering  
The Jewish Temple old;  
Eager to live near the altar,  
Her days in God's service hold.

And Anna, the mother, outreaching  
Her hand in surrender blest,  
Is giving this one, beloved daughter  
To God, while there seems to rest

The meaning of that surrender,  
In the smile, half hiding a tear  
As she visions the home so lonely,  
With little Maid, Mary, not near.

And I think, as I gaze, of another,  
Who bore that Maid's hallowed name;  
To whom the call for her coming,  
In life's sweetest springtime came.

Who entered with eager footsteps  
And generous, happy, young heart,  
The temple of God's sole service,  
Choosing "the better part."

Dear Maid of the Jewish Temple,  
Take the other who bore thy name;  
And Anna, the generous mother,  
Make this mother, as thou wert, the same.

soldiers come back!" Turning her flashlight down the stairs, she was astonished to find them filled with people. Some were crying, some praying, some thanking God aloud, some laughing hysterically.

"The cellars are filling with water," said Paolo in explanation. "It drove us onto the stairs. We thought we must die down here. Oh, God bless you, God bless you, good, kind, American girl!" And hardly realizing what he did, he caught Helen's fainting form in his arms, and pressed her to his heart.

"Thank God, you are saved, Paolo dear! But come; the soldiers will be returning. We lured them away by a stratagem. Hurry, good people; come, run quickly to your homes!"

And although they were starved and weakened by their long fast, freedom lent them new strength, and in two minutes, every soul had disappeared around the corner.

"Now let us close the trap and move the stone back, so the soldiers won't know the difference." They did so, and then went out into the free, open air. A square away, Helen took out the police whistle, and blew on it a long, piercing blast. Then they both took to their heels, and ran as fast as their strength allowed them.

Next morning Mr. Caldwell wrung both their hands hard, having called them into his private office, and Paolo could not find words to thank him for his part in the rescue. Then Mr. Caldwell laughed reminiscently.

"Do you know, I had quite a mob running after me. In the end I had to throw away my pistols and cartridge belt, hide in a doorway, and join the crowd when it passed. They never knew the difference. And this morning I drove past the distillery—isn't it a shame? The poor innocent fellows were playing cards before the doorway again, as if nothing had happened. Oh, yes; one or two of them were drowsing—tired, I suppose, from their midnight chase."

A certain Sacred Heart booklet lay torn into shreds in a wastebasket in the military chief's office—its mission was finished.

## Orphan Stella

(Continued from page 440)

"You seem to make a strange abuse of the moral and physical qualities of this child of your adoption! Day after day, from my window, I have witnessed her performances and remarked with pain the first signs of a dangerous disease. Stella cannot long survive the imprisonment and want of air to which you daily subject her. After all, she is not your own offspring, as you have evolved to me, therefore the greater reason why you should not abuse the power you have over her. Besides, you have

to fear that the law may intervene to stop these representations, which I consider cruel and inhuman.

This argument, which stirred every fibre in Donato's heart, completely vanquished his resistance. Several times already kind voices in the crowd had protested loudly against his barbarity, as they saw with how much difficulty Stella tortured herself into the box, neither did he feel as sure as he pretended about the child's health; then again, he himself was growing old, his limbs were stiffening, his performing tricks would soon become impossible; would he not do better to accept the fortune now offered him in exchange for Stella? These thoughts crowded rapidly through his brain and, when the Countess had ceased to speak, he said:

"But can I dispose, madam, of a child who is not my own?"

"That depends on the circumstances that have made you the master of Stella and of her destiny. Who is she? and where does she come from?"

"Of those two facts, Madam, I am completely ignorant. I know neither her name nor parentage. I found her in the mountains of my native land. But why occupy your time with these insignificant details?"

"Go on, go on," replied Eliane eagerly, "all that concerns Stella is of interest to me. Do not hesitate to tell me all you know about her."

"There is one thing that makes me reluctant to relate her story, which is,—that my own is so bound up with her's that it might be imprudent for me to relate facts, known to none, that might draw down upon my own head an attention, which I have every desire to avoid."

"Have you any reason to doubt my good faith or discretion?"

"Assuredly not, Madam, but—"

"You wish to feel sure that your confidence will not be betrayed?"

"Yes, I ask absolute secrecy about all I am going to relate."

(To be continued)

To communicate every day, and to partake of the sacred Body and Blood of Christ is a most beautiful and profitable practice, for He has clearly said: "He who eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life.—St. Basil.

## Candle Light

ETHEL KING

A candle sheds a hopeful cheering light,  
And in its steady glow dark dreads take flight.  
Its valiant beams the shadows do defy,  
Forever pointing toward the Heavens high.

# Undimmed Brass

HARRY W. FLANNERY

I HAVE a pet theory which it pleases me to fondle. It is that the words *humor* and *human* come from the same root, that once upon a time the words were one and that people gradually began to see a distinction. The fancy is pleasing, and I am afraid to put it to test by looking up the words in Webster. If they are from the same root, I am right; if they are not, that is too bad—they should be. So, to prolong the life of this idea, I have placed Webster far upon the shelves where, I hope he is safely inconvenient for a chronically lazy person like myself.

Of persons who take themselves too seriously I should some day like to remark in a powerful sermon that: "They forget that *humor* and *human* come from the same root." I can imagine the stilled and respectful silence that will acknowledge my brilliance. So far I have never heard anyone ever make that clever deduction, (possibly because it is not true) and I take great pleasure in my astuteness, and in that sermon might even re-chew that sentence for the further benefit of my congregation, repeating the words in that wistful, earnest undertone that all good speakers use.

I have not decided whether I shall elaborate on the sentence. It is so striking that it might be more effective without further comment, better just as it is, used possibly as the last sentence of this powerful harangue. I might, however, comment a bit on the thought so that my listeners might get all possible benefit from my ingenious observation. There is nothing, I might say, funnier than the discomfiture of the exalted. The essence of humor is the illogical: a fat man falling is funnier than a thin man falling, for the former is, normally, more suggestive of dignity; a stumble in a parade of policemen is for the same reason funnier than a stumble in a parade of bricklayers. The best humor is in solemnity made ridiculous.

But I wander on endlessly about this future sermon. I should stop my digressive rambles by beginning a story I have in mind about Ray Crawford, who was never coached in this "*humor* and *human*" theory.

Ray was a senior at St. Mark's when I first met him. Since I was a chap who kept myself much secluded, it may be that I was about the last man on the campus to know Ray, though he belonged to most of the clubs,—we had no fraternities at St. Mark's and I often heard Ray deplore that fact,—was an officer in almost every club of which he was a member, got on

dance committees for the Prom, the Ball and the Cotillion, was assistant cheer leader one year, and was always out in the calcium glare at all the activities. Even with his extensive dabbling with extra-curriculum affairs he was good in classes, too. I think he finished with a *maxima cum laude* or at least with a *magna cum laude*, which meant that he was a smart chap. No one could deny Ray's cleverness and ability. At the same time few fellows seemed to like him, though he never seemed to realize that. He came up to me at the alumni banquet in the fall of 1922, the year after we were graduated, gave me his card and recited his long tedious history of reputed successes. I listened, and though I seemed to swallow it all I really picked at but a few crumbs, that did not seem to be inflated with the bombastic yeast that Ray used. I nibbled at these crumbs, the basis of his story, and, being polite, I listened and listened—in agony.

Last summer I ran into Ray again down in Baltimore. I was at my desk in the reportorial offices of the *Herald* when Ray strolled toward me carrying his cane, a thing that he and a few others introduced at St. Mark's, and which has since been a plague in the senior class there.

"Hello, Larry," he said. "It does a fellow good to see you down here. Small world after all. How have things been going?" This was said in the tone of a successful man, who bestows his benign greetings on the lowly. But being a reporter makes one polite.

"Very good; and you?" I replied. Confound that manner of greeting; it's a habit with me, I grumbled to myself, biting my lip and wishing I could rephrase the sentence that I knew would send Ray off in a torrent of personal reminiscences.

"Oh, I just drifted in yesterday. Not much of a job this, you know." I sniffed inwardly. "But it is interesting and worth a fellow's while for a summer at any rate. I've been teaching up at Hoyne College in Roanoke, you know, and it was hard to leave the place but—"

Ray continued to talk while I appeared to listen though I was really scanning the notes before me. He raved on.

"—and here I am now, just came in yesterday, saw Lennihan and he took me on. 'Personal favor,' he said. 'I'm on police beats, but Lennihan says that is only to start me out, get me acquainted with the place. I can do—'

"Crawford!" Lennihan was calling.

Crawford went. "See you later, old fellow," he said, patting me on the back.

From the city desk a few words struck my ear and stopped my typewriter's clacking. "St. Mark's," I heard, and "Larry Ward." I looked around. Ray was talking to Lennihan as the latter gave out the assignments.

"Confound him!" I murmured, knowing that the albatross Ray was fastening itself about my neck.

The day passed. And at twelve that night, my assignments finished, I wandered down to talk to the beat-men who had just come in. Ray was at a desk farther down the line. Macaulay was the first to say anything.

"So you and the inimitable Ray were pals at good old St. Mark's?" he said as I perched on the desk near him. I grunted.

"Bully for old St. Mark's!" Fleming piped up. "And were you a cheer leader, a Forum (or was it an 'Against-em') president, a beau brummel at all the big dances, and all that, with his honor, Mr. Crawford?"

The taunts continued. I grinned and grunted, and let them go until I could change the topic.

Up until Wednesday of the following week all went fair enough. Ray seemed to be turning in good reports and his stories were usually well written. I did not know what Len thought of Ray, though none of us kowtowed to him nor made arrangements to eat lunch when he did. I suppose, however, that Ray went fairly well with the "Old Man"—he always seemed to impress professors, deans, and bosses. Furthermore, Ray was getting scoops and was doing as well as the best of us so far as we could determine. His monthly score seemed likely to be high, possibly the highest on the police beats.

On Wednesday Ray was on Northeast when a big fire broke out on the outskirts of his district. I was on "specials" and was almost "up" for the day when it broke, so Len sent me out to get the story and to coach Ray who was new to fires. When I got there, I saw Ray already on the job. There was no doubt about it; he was a good man, a man that could be relied upon. I hastened over to him and listened as he told me what he had secured, but it did not prove to be much.

"The owner's out of town, the people that live near here seem dumber than idiots, and the firemen tell me they know nothing either. I have when it started and all that, and I'll get the rest. You might help me by inquiring around a bit. Get all you can and give it to me."

His cheekiness amazed me. I must have looked blank for an instant. Ray, a reporter of a week, was telling me, a comparative veter-

an, what to do! It was a delightful situation. Knowing Ray as I did, his arrogance, and the vanity that must not be hurt without courting danger, I hardly knew what to do. We had to get the story however, the story needed both of us, and telling Ray that I, and not he, was handling the story, would get me no where. Ray would not work at all, or he would work sulkily, and inefficiently. I whistled quietly and sauntered off.

"Meet me here in five minutes. Get all the details you can," he called after me.

I talked to the firemen. As I expected, they had much information.

"Sure, that was a bum steer we gave that Johnny," Al Corbett, of the "Hooks," told me. "The owner of the factory is Jim Lane and that's him over there by that post talking to the chap with the grey cap. We wouldn't tell that puffed-up turkey cock anything. No use! — he knows it all anyway."

Lane told me all he knew about the factory, its equipment, value, insurance, and the like. From others I gathered other bits and went back to the place where I was to meet Ray.

I had hardly explained my notes when he interrupted.

"The fire's nearly out," he said hurriedly. "'Phone in anything new. Sorry to beat it so, Larry, but I want to catch this car coming. Saloon, old man, saloon!" He grabbed my notes and ran.

If it had been any other man in any other circumstances I would have leaped at him and given him at least one black eye. I was sufficiently angry, but I only looked at the fleeing Ray, as my thoughts rushed rapidly through my mind. The first city edition would not go to press for at least an hour so I decided to remain near the fire and look up more details. For one thing, I had not secured any data as to the cause of the fire.

The flames were slight now. I ventured close. According to what I had heard, the fire seemed to have begun in the basement. It was not even smoking down there now, so, when an open cellar door invited, I climbed down, groping my way by the aid of a flashlight. It was dark, slippery, and everywhere I put my hand I seemed to find charred black wood. Foolish task I am giving myself, I thought; but no matter, lots of time.

I stumbled on through the dark passages, every now and then stamping into a pool of which my flashlight did not warn me. It was dark. Many barrels and great vats often made me detour. It was formerly a beverage plant. On the shelves were chemicals of all kinds, on the floors piles on bottles, on work tables, scales and chemical apparatus.

Time passed. I did not seem to be making



any discoveries. I sat down to think and decided that it was best to make a last survey of the place and go back to the office. I arose and had made but a few steps when I heard a thundering crash, a deafening thud ahead of me.

"Falling joists," I thought, "better get out without delay."

I quickened my steps, though I continued to glance about me for any clues of the origin of the fire. Useless. Ahead of me were the stairs by which I had come in.

"Funny; dark at the top. But the night is dark."

I mounted. The overhead door seemed closed. I had not closed it when I came in. I pushed. It did not yield. I put my shoulder to it; no use. Then I rapped, hoping to attract attention. No use. I examined the door. It did not yield. I put my shoulder to it; no use. I rapped, hoping to attract attention. No response. I examined the door. It was of some thick, heavy wood, oak, I suppose,—I don't know woods—and it was bound by heavy steel. Foolish to ram it.

I came down the steps and began to wander, looking for another door. I could not make far in one direction for the roof had caved in there and had blocked the way so that only a foolish fellow would try to crawl through that debris. The mass was smoking, too. It seemed to be burning more than before, spreading a mean blue smoke in the cellar. It was slight but bothersome. I turned and went the other way.

Time passed. After much fruitless wandering I glanced at my watch. It was edition time. Confound it! I ran up the stairs again and was about to rap when I noticed an uncomfortable warmth up there. I heard the crackling of flames. That falling joist had taken afire above me. Pleasant predicament. It was too hot to rap with my knuckles I soon found out, but a stick did the trick.

But the rapping seemed foolish. The smoke grew thicker, the flames too hot for me to continue my bangs. All I could hear was that ever-louder crackle now become a roar. It reminded me of the tom-toms in O'Neill's "Emperor Jones," ever, ever louder, and closer.

Finally, exhausted and almost given up hope, I went to a corner where the smoke was less, pulled up a box and sat down. I thought I was done for. Here was one story I would not be able to write.

Louder, louder, closer. Much like what the gallery boy shouted after the crowd yelled "louder" to the frightened speaker.

"Louder, louder, and funnier," cried the boy. "Not much fun in this. But it is funny. Me, hoping to write novels someday, hoping to be a somebody and not an ordinary newspaper man,

but dying a reporter. There is some humor in that situation. Fate, fate like that which pursued Orestes and Antigone and all the other poor characters Sophocles put in his plays; fate was pursuing me. I used to laugh at those plays; I thought this Fate idea was foolish."

I sat there a long time and then stretched on the ground. I think the humor-human idea came to me while I was gasping on that damp ground. But that was before the smoke got so thick that I began to cough violently and, in some sort of a dizzy state, began to crawl toward the stairs again. I remember that the roar got louder, that I yelled something, that I heard voices, and then all went blank.

I awoke stretched on a blanket on the grass. The fire was really under control now.

"Okay, Larry?" I heard someone ask me. It was the chief wandering over my way.

"Fair enough," I told him. "Anything new besides my death?"

"Nope. Poor fire for you fellows. Only one rescue, yours. A big loss, of course, but Lane has lots of insurance on it."

"Who took me out?"

The chief told me. I got up, unsteady but a bit weak, found my rescuers, tried to tell them what I owed them, found I was not able to find the right words, and was stopped by their smiles and protests. I lingered a moment and then hastened to a phone, called the office, and reported briefly. Len was not there, he was out at the press, I was told. The night editor was not at the desk either. The head copy reader talked to me and told me to hurry in.

I did.

On the car I noticed how black I was, how my clothes were torn and burnt, but that was not so bad—not as bad as death.

I washed at the office and then went over to the desk. The first city edition was out. Len looked at me, grinned, looked puzzled, and pointed to the headlines on the first page of the paper that lay before me on the desk.

"Read that story, tell me if it is correct, and then tell me what in Sam Hill happened to you."

I smiled. The smile changed to surprise.

"Where'd you get this?" I asked, pointing to a lurid story about the fire—lurid for the *Herald*, which tries to be conservative and never colors a story, always trying to state facts accurately. The story told about the rescue of a girl of four from the third story of the burned building. In the afternoon, it said, she had brought a note to her father, a note about a serious accident to her brother, had wandered into a corner, and had fallen asleep. The building was locked. She awoke, found the place dark, found matches on a desk, lit some to find her way, and seemed to have dropped one in

the waste basket. And so on. Wonderful story, but—"

Len answered quickly.

"Crawford brought that in. What's wrong? He was positive about it all."

"This dope about the kid is bogus."

Len picked up the phone.

"Stop that edition. Mr. Lennihan talking. Kill all you can of it. Hold it until I let you know."

He turned to me.

"One of the firemen told him that tale, he told me. The names check up in the directory."

The phone rang again.

He called Macaulay before he answered it. "Call this man," he said, underlining a name in the story, "ask him about his daughter and this story."

He turned to the phone. "Von Hartz, I suppose," he said. "I sent him out to find you. . . . Hello. Yes? All wrong? . . . Where'd you get your information? Yeh. Come on in. That's all."

Len cursed. He called for Ray. Ray was gone. He called Ray's rooming house. The talk was not long. It ended like this: "Well, you're all wrong! We don't want unproven stories in this paper. You'll get your next week's pay and an invitation to hunt a new job when you call down at one today. I'm sorry but—That's all!"

Len hung up.

Macaulay reported. "He never heard about any such thing, he says, his daughter is grown up, doesn't live with him and—"

"That's enough. Thanks, Macaulay."

He addressed me. "I'm sorry to hold you longer, Ward, but I want you to rewrite this correctly. Do it quickly, save what you can." Len went out to the press room using words that I never believed he knew.

"Poor Ray," I mused, as I crawled into bed an hour or so later. "Some fellow who didn't like him gave him some rotten dope, I suppose. But chaps like him ought to be bumped often. We bumped him often at school, but he never seemed to understand why. We never hit him as hard as this, however, right between the eyes! It'll do him good."

Things went on without Ray and I did not see him until a week later when I was eating crabs at Ullman's. Ray was at a table across from me. His back was toward me, and he was talking to another man.

"Yes, Jim," he was saying. "I'm with the *Star* now. I quit the *Herald*, no real pay there, no future. The *Star* has money behind it, it hires the best men, pays the best, and is one of a syndicate of the best newspapers in the country. You know all that. They read what I showed them of mine in the *Herald* and in a

few magazines that I write for now and then, and Babson told me, 'Spice it up, Ray, pep it up a little. Stretch a bit now and then if you want, sticking, of course, to fundamental facts. Write the stuff the people want.' I've been with them several days now, and I'm not on police work like I was on the *Herald*, I'm doing 'specials.' Babson says he likes my stuff. He's going to put me on this Edelman divorce case, lots of nice scandal in it, and it's just about ready to be worked up. Of course, I—"

I turned to my paper. Somehow you can't seem to down this kind of fellow. I wonder if my theory on *human* and *humor* would wake him up. But my idea may be all wrong. He would know, and if I happened to be wrong, he would quote a thousand authorities and pay no attention to my clever deduction and advice.

## Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

### 2. First Steps

Green leaves, gay flowers of Spring display  
Something of Nature's secret worth,  
While chirping birdlings all break forth  
From oval homes to greet the day.

So the babe's mind from dreamland wakes:  
While yet it finds its sweetest rest  
Reclining upon mother's breast,  
Its love a heavenward course soon takes.

For to the sky point folded hands,  
And as the small lips "Jesus" say,  
The little heart begins to pray  
And with strange longings soon expands.

"Is Jesus very far away?"  
"Yes, it is far to Paradise:  
Yet Jesus deigns in wondrous wise  
In every little church to stay."

"Oh, Mother, take me to the place  
Where Jesus is"—so he was ta'en  
Right up into the sacred fane  
And stood before the Home of Grace.

And there with folded hands he prayed:  
"Jesus, I come to do Thy will,  
And though only a baby still  
One step towards Thee I've gladly made."

## Futility

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Life, wishing to be gay,  
Beneath its pomp, would hide  
That which it cannot slay—  
Death which has never died!

# Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

## IN ANCIENT JERUSALEM

THROUGH the discoveries made in 1923 on Mount Ophel, the southern spur of Mount Moriah, the foundations of the city walls of Jerusalem in the time of Abraham were laid bare. The king of that time was Melchisedech, who was pointed out by the royal Psalmist as the type of our own High Priest, the Son of God; for in the well-known Psalm, sung at Vespers on all the Sundays and feast days, the heavenly Father says: "Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." This king was at the same time ruler and priest, as were also the Patriarchs; the priesthood and headship of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would naturally have descended to Reuben and his family, had he not been disinherited by his father on account of a crime; so that, in consequence of this, Joseph, instead of Reuben received the double portion of the first born, whilst the priesthood descended by God's own order to Aaron, the scion of the senior family of the tribe of Levi.

We find the most obvious memory of the Holy Eucharist in the sacrifice of bread and wine, which Melchisedech offered when Abraham had returned with Lot, his family, and the Sodomites, who had been carried away by some robber kings, but had been released by Abraham and his 318 armed servants. The place of that sacrifice may well have been within the old city on Mount Ophel, because the Hinnom Valley would be the spot where the travellers to Sodoma, lying southeast, would part company with Abraham, who would here turn towards the South for Hebron. Offerings of bread and wine were then rather exceptional amongst the shepherd tribes, who generally offered animal sacrifices. Thus the peace offering of Melchisedech in which the offerer partook of the sacred meal, signified the pure sacrifice of Holy Mass in which those may share who were at peace with God. The water for the bread and for the mixing with the wine would be drawn from the only living font near Jerusalem, which runs under Ophel, and is now called "The Lady Mary's spring." This too has its significance; for at the offertory, when the priest mixes water with the wine, he mentions wine as the type of our Lord's divinity, and water as signifying his humanity; so we may say, that as our Lady's spring contributed the water to Melchisedech's symbolical sacrifice, so our Lady ministered to our Lord and to His

sacrifice the material part of his humanity.

The low-lying hill of Ophel, as compared with the high towering Mount Sion, the bearer of the room of the Last Supper, was a suitable place for the symbolical offering of Melchisedech, whereas the sublime and lasting Eucharistic sacrifice was celebrated and instituted on the summit of Mount Sion, and from thence flowed like a mountain stream first through Jerusalem, then through the mountains and plains of Palestine, and finally all over the world, so that now it is offered from the rising to the setting of the sun. Mount Sion also overshadows Moriah, the mountain of the Jewish temple, and justly so, for as Saint Paul points out in his Epistle to the Hebrews, Abraham giving tithes to Melchisedech recognized the latter as the priest of a higher order than his own or that of his son Aaron; all the more does the sacrifice and the priesthood of the heavenly Melchisedech surpass in dignity and holiness the Jewish priesthood with its imperfect liturgy. For even the twelve holy loaves of proposition received their dignity merely from their presence in the sanctuary, but remained bread pure and simple; on the other hand, the consecrated host is the living body of the Son of God, holier than any lifeless creature; yea, it is even more holy than the holiest angels, who bow from before it in real adoration, not merely in a symbolical way as did their gilt representations before the Ark of the Covenant in the Holy of Holies of Solomon's temple.

The holy Patriarch Abraham gives us on this occasion the best example of a true and practical worshipper. He had just returned safely from a voluntary but arduous and dangerous, and therefore meritorious, work of mercy, the delivery of captives. He takes the opportunity of assisting at a sacrifice of thanksgiving for his success, in order that it might bring him spiritual blessings. That he did not think of temporal advantages is clear from this fact that he not only renounced his recognized claim on all the goods which he had retaken, but that he would not take any temporal reward for himself or his servants. On the contrary, he gave tithes to Melchisedech from his own property, so as to gain all the more spiritual advantages through the sacrificial meal and through the priestly blessing of Melchisedech.

The valleys of Hinnom and Tropoeon remind us of another event in the life of Abraham,

(Continued on page 459)

## An Important Valentine

MARY CLARK JACOBS

ALFRED HARRISON frowned as he spoke in low, forcible tones to the detective: "The bonds disappeared from my desk. C. L. & K. bonds, valuation five thousand dollars, enclosed in a brown manila envelope."

"Who knew you had them here? Your secretary?"

"No. Meekin was out to lunch. Frazer brought them to me from the safe."

"Frazer? Who is he? How long has he been with you? What do you know about him?"

"Frazer seems all right—a good worker and a steady young fellow. My wife got me to take him. She's interested in his mother," he tapped the desk impatiently with his pencil. "He's about eighteen, supports a widowed mother, and has been in the office several months."

Detective Williams arose with a confident smile: "You'll hear from me to-morrow. Don't say anything about the missing bonds until then. If the thief thinks their loss has not been discovered, we have a better chance to catch him napping."

Never dreaming that he was being shadowed, young John Frazer went out to lunch, a meager one of a glass of milk and a sandwich. Then he stopped in a haberdashery and purchased a tie, a cheap one of subdued colors. Consulting his watch, a modest one of gun metal, he found that he had fifteen minutes to spare and hurried to St. Francis Catholic Church for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. He put in a busy afternoon in the office, went home for the evening meal, then was off to night school, where he was taking a business course. At nine-thirty he was home and an hour later all lights were extinguished in the little cottage where he lived with his widowed mother.

The next day Williams reported this routine to Mr. Harrison.

"I believe Frazer is guilty—but he's smart—a bright kid. Think of his taking but a sandwich for lunch after stealing five thousand dollars."

"He may be innocent. I believe and hope he is," Mr. Harrison murmured.

"And then visiting a Church to throw off suspicion," Williams went on disregarding Mr. Harrison's interruption.

Harrison shook his head: "There's nothing significant in that. He is a Catholic and Catholics go to their Church quite frequently."

"But there were no services in there at all. I went in after him. I know. The Church seemed empty."

"My wife makes visits like that. Catholics believe that God is present on the altar, you know, and they go into the church to adore Him and pray to Him."

"I think he took the bonds—no one else could have taken them. You and he were the only two in your office, you admit that?"

"Yes."

"I think Frazer's cute. It will be hard to get anything on him. I may be trailing him for weeks or months without getting any evidence of guilt. If I were you, I'd have him in here and accuse him. He may confess. What do you say?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Harrison wouldn't like it. When she asked me to employ him, she had a regular litany of his good qualities; honest, industrious, intelligent, and ambitious."

"The evidence points to him—to him. Confront him—threaten him with exposure—arrest. I bet he'll confess. Try it."

"Very well. To-morrow morning, we'll do it, if the bonds are not found in the meantime."

But Alfred Harrison agreed to the plan hesitatingly. His wife believed so implicitly in the boy. Of course, she could be mistaken. And even though he was a good Catholic and the support of his mother, he might be tempted and fall. But, he didn't want Frazer to be guilty. Aside from his liking for the young man was another reason. Lately, Alfred Harrison had become interested in the faith of his wife. The first spark of real concern came with the birth of his son. He was inordinately proud of the child, spending more time in the nursery than fathers usually do. When the boy was baptized, he accompanied the sponsors, his wife's parents, to the church, watching the ceremony gravely and experiencing a tinge of sorrow that in anything, even religion, he and his son would be separated. Then he began to look for the books which Anne Harrison possessed about her faith, to read and to study them, and he was thinking seriously of visiting a priest to ask for instructions in the religion when the bonds disappeared.

That evening he broached the subject to his wife, not letting her suspect the object: "Anne, do you think a Catholic—a regular, practical Catholic who attends church frequently could be guilty of a grave offense—such a thing as stealing a large amount of money, for instance?"

Anne laughed lightly: "Why put emphasis on the Catholic, Alfred? Anyone, who is hu-



man, is subject to temptation and may fall; but I do believe that a good Catholic, one who prays and asks God's assistance in daily trials, will be better able to avoid temptation, or being tempted will be able to resist. And, should he be weak and succumb to sin, God's mercy and goodness will assist him to repent quickly and to again get back to the road to virtue."

Alfred Harrison sighed.

The next morning he made no objections when Williams came early and demanded that Frazer be brought in. Dismissing his secretary, he leaned back in his chair and through half-closed eyes studied the young man as he came into the room, a good, clean-looking boy.

Then to Alfred Harrison's mind came the picture of his own son, but a baby now, yet some day, in the years to come, he, too, might be the important factor in just such a scene. Suspected of being a thief, no real evidence against him, of good character and morals, yet he might be accused as John Frazer was to be accused. He shuddered and for the first time in his life, Alfred Harrison prayed: "God! Dear God, don't let me do this terrible thing if it is wrong. If the boy is innocent—God help me! I feel that he can not be guilty."

"Mr. Harrison, you sent for me." Clear, calm eyes looked into his. "Oh, God, help me!" Alfred Harrison breathed.

"Yes, Frazer. Sit down, will you? Wanted to ask you if you happened to see some papers—oh! well. Anne, my dear." The last few words were addressed to his wife who had opened the door of his office and entered the room.

"Am I intruding, Alfred? I won't remain a minute. I came to bring you something. Today is Valentine Day so you may consider it a valentine—and a rather important one, I imagine." She handed her husband a manila envelope.

He took it and glanced quickly at the contents.

"The C. L. & K. bonds. Where did you get them, Anne?"

"I'm not sure, Alfred. I found them in my bag this morning, so I think I must have picked them up from your desk two days ago. You remember I was down town shopping and came in to meet you so we could have lunch together. I put my purse, gloves, and a few small packages on your desk while I waited for you. When we left, I picked them up and thrust them into my shopping bag. I must have taken the envelope at the same time without noticing it. I'm glad I returned them before you missed them. Some one might have been accused of taking them and here it was your wife who appropriated them."

Williams bent his head, seeming to be busy

over some papers, and Mrs. Harrison thinking him a regular employee of the office, paid no special attention to him. However, she smiled a recognition at John Frazer.

"How are you, John? How do you like the office? I know you are doing well."

Mr. Harrison looked at the boy and again to his lips came a prayer, this time in gratitude that Anne had brought the bonds before the young man had been accused.

"John is doing well, very well indeed, Anne," he put in before Frazer could reply. "He is in for an early promotion. I haven't told him about it yet. Meekin will be assistant manager and John takes his place as my secretary."

After Anne's departure and when John Frazer had left the room, Williams spoke: "Your wife spoke truly, Mr. Harrison. That was an important valentine—and a most lucky one. I'm glad I didn't accuse the boy though at the time I felt confident of his guilt."

Alfred Harrison smiled.

"It was more important than you can guess, Williams. I'm sure Frazer would have proved his innocence immediately. That valentine—the returned bonds—is important to me for another reason."

He did not explain farther, but when the detective left, he picked up the telephone to find the number of Father Leonard. Alfred Harrison decided that he had delayed long enough. That very evening he would start on the road that leads to eternal happiness.

## Eucharistic Memories in Bible Land

(Continued from page 457)

which taxed his spirit of sacrifice to the utmost limit. It was some years after the historical sacrifice of Melchisedech that Abraham came here with his son Isaac, a servant and an ass. He left the servant and the animal in the valley, and ascended towards the highest rock on Mount Moriah. His son Isaac carried a bundle of firewood prepared for a sacrifice, and Abraham himself carried a sword and a pot with live coals. Isaac said: "Father, behold here fire and wood: where is the victim for the holocaust?" Abraham dared not tell him even then, that he was to be sacrificed, but said: "God will Himself provide a victim for a holocaust." Abraham did not then expect that his son would be spared, much less did he then realize that the heavenly Father would provide in His own Son a victim on the hill of Calvary for the salvation of the whole world.

When at the last moment Abraham's hand had been stayed by the angel, he saw in a hedge of briars a ram sticking fast by his horns, he took him and offered him instead of his son.

Here again we have a fundamental truth concerning our Eucharistic Sacrifice. In it the Son of God is substituted for us and for our gifts of bread and wine, and He offers Himself on our behalf. But although God himself supplies the victim, we must not be satisfied with merely contributing the bread and wine, but must also add the full spirit of sacrifice and worship, i. e., our readiness to honor and adore God, whatever the rest may be. Only after Abraham had shown that spirit did he receive the greatest and most solemn of all promises, viz., that through him all the nations of the earth should be blessed; for this was tantamount to the promise that the Savior of the world should descend from him.

If we wish to receive the fullest blessing through the Eucharistic Sacrifice we must not approach it with a desire that our will should be done, but with readiness to know, accept, and carry out the will of God, as far as it is manifest to us. Do we not often pray in a spirit, which, when put in words, would mean: "Not thy will, but mine be done"? Unless we stand before the altar of our Eucharistic High Priest with a longing for the strength and

grace which we need to accept anything unpleasant decreed by God, or to do anything hard to our nature, if it is God's will, we shall not fulfil our principal duty of glorifying God, nor reap the full benefit which would flow from Holy Mass if we had the spirit of Abraham going up to Mount Moriah. Our loss will be all the greater, because our oblation does not merely represent the most perfect victim, as did the Old Testament offerings, but contains Him, the Lamb of God, so that we are able to offer to the Heavenly Father His beloved Son, in whom He is well pleased, and in the highest degree worshipped and adored, and whose pleading for us the Father cannot refuse. Holy Church reminds us of this when after consecration she makes the priest ask of Almighty God that He may vouchsafe to accept this our sacrifice as he accepted that of our Patriarch Abraham, and also that of the high priest Melchisedech; both were so highly acceptable to God, because Abraham had assisted at them with such unselfish devotion, and through them had paid to his Creator supreme homage, whilst in Melchisedech he saw and approved of the future eternal priesthood of the Incarnate Word.

## The Communion Rail Ends the Quest for the Grail

BURTON CONFREY

### II

NOWHERE in the *Idylls* does Tennyson lack the Catholic sense so much as in his treatment of Gawain, who fails to achieve the goal because of his light, sensual, shallow nature. Although in "The Passing of Arthur" the spirit of Gawain brings from the other world the message "Hollow, hollow, all delight," in "The Holy Grail" he merely acknowledges that the quest is "Not for such as I."

"But for this gale

Tore my pavilion from the tenting-pin,  
And blew my merry maidens all about  
With all discomfort: yea, and but for this,  
My twelvemonth and a day were present to me.

His year's quest opened to him no vision, no possibilities of a higher life; they brought discomfort and an interruption of pleasure.

### JUST A SHEIK

He arises at the last possible moment, dresses hurriedly, and rinses off his face. He stops just long

enough to eat a bite before the car comes. If he is successful in mooching a ride, he arrives at the office on time—to the marvel of the rest of the clerks and the boss. If he has to ride the street car down town, he worries all the way down, but finally gets nerve enough to say to himself: "They can't get along without me anyway."

A listless morning drags by, and our hero of the dance hall spends it wishing pay day were in the immediate offing. He has a hard time buying clothes and keeping up his reputation for being a spender. His mother is in all probability a widow, dependent upon him to a great extent. He lacks the nerve to give over his pleasures to help his mother. She loves him; and taking advantage of this love, he lets her carry him along when she should throw him out.

Lunch hour comes along, and he is the first one to get out of the office. A hurried meal, and he is in front of a

pool hall with some of his friends. They there smoking, spitting, and making "wise cracks" at every woman that passes.

He goes home for supper, swears at his mother, or anyone else who gets into his line of vision, and after his clean collar is donned he is off for the night. After a session at pool he slouches into some cheap dance hall, puts on a smiling face before these false friends, and proceeds to wear out some good shoe leather.

I will not tell what happens after the dance, but a couple of his friends and a few girls have "a nice quiet little party." He gets home about two; and his mother, who has lain awake listening for him, can then go to sleep.

The next day it is the same story all over again. The same can be said about every day except Sunday. Saturday is his big night and he stays out later than ever. Sunday, therefore, he sleeps.

Untold numbers of our young men are wasting their lives in just this fashion—not only their own lives but those of their mothers and of the rest of the family. The futility of it. No advancement or future in store for them.

All this has been written from experience. Formerly I could have been classified as close to this group as I deem healthy. Thank the good Lord, my ways have changed. The saying is that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks. Well, I wasn't quite an old dog, but I would have been soon if my life had not been changed radically.

The Catholic youth has a decided advantage in his struggle for continence or restraint of sensual appetites—an impossibility for any length of time without the grace of God. In his *Grace* (p. 120), Pohle-Preuss lists the causes of human infirmity: concupiscence, or rebellion of the passions against reason, imperfection of ethical judgment, inconstancy of the will, and weariness caused by continual resistance to temptation. Grace holds passion in check, corrects judgments, and gives a clearer knowledge of God and of sin, steadies the will, and constantly refreshes us for the fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

#### MYSELF

Before I entered Notre Dame my spiritual life was in pretty poor condition. My soul was spotless at intervals, but those intervals were brief in

duration. If I had checked over a copy of "Perseverance" in those days, I would have made an entirely different outline. My main struggle was against impurity, and it gave me a terrible battle.

As soon as I came established in Notre Dame, I was not troubled by temptations against purity in the least. I could pray with fervor, keep my mind on the Mass, and I loved to receive the Sacraments. It was one of the strangest changes in human character that I know of. I don't understand just why God wrought so great a change in me and delighted me with such a shower of graces.

Whenever I started to school in the fall I always had the intention to change my methods of avoiding sin. This intention would last for a month or so, and then I would be back in the same place I had started from. On entering Notre Dame I had the right intention, but I don't think my will was any stronger for carrying out the intention than before. The change was wrought. But did I merit it?

Perhaps it was the Blessed Virgin who helped me. I had always loved her, but through forgetfulness I very seldom prayed to her. Notre Dame seemed to be the home of the Blessed Lady, and I had no trouble in remembering to ask her aid.

The spirit of the students in going to Holy Mass and attending the Sacraments may have made an impression on my soul which my mind was ignorant of. At any rate now I really feel happy. My soul does not hang in jeopardy, and my conscience is quieted. My soul is a long, long way from the state of perfection; but my will has conquered in one of the worst battles of life. I'll keep on the lookout for the devil and fight him with the Sacraments and prayer.

My conscience is now bothered by venial sins, which before I scarcely noted and very seldom confessed. My only hope is that my will shall be just as strong after I leave Notre Dame as it is now.

(To be continued)

Often we have an unpleasant experience on our visits to our common acquaintances, but never on our visits to Jesus in His Sacrament of love.

# Notes of Interest

## From the Field of Science

—Do you wish to buy some stock that will fleece you of your money? Another scientific invention promises to be of great help to industry, but it may also serve as bait to trap small investors. Guayale, a Mexican shrub, will furnish rubber, and can be grown in the United States. It is reported that stock companies will ask money for the development of the industry. But so far, the possibilities of the plant have been much overrated.

—Examine the illustrations in THE GRAIL closely, and notice they are made up of very small dots. This will be more apparent if you examine the halftones with a magnifying glass. A recent theory for insect sight holds that certain insects, like the fly, see 'half-tone' images. The eyes of insects consist of many facets, like to a myriad of small eyes and the assumption has been that each facet produced its own image. The fly did not need an eye like ours that can turn,—it was supposed to have an eye made up of many small eyes seeing in all directions at the same time. It now appears that insects really have only one image made up of many dots, each dot coming from one of the many facets, and the entire number combining into such a 'half-tone' vision.

—What bait would you use to catch a mountain lion? Catnip has proved the best to lure wild animals into traps. The Biological Survey is using it.

—The cause of the common cold, though certainly with us, is still the question of much debate. Several investigators have recently published lengthy reports of their experiments with such factors as over-exercise, cold baths, loss of sleep, drafts, kind of underwear and shoes worn, perspiration after exercise, constipation, mouth breathing, heredity, removal of adenoids and tonsils, climate, drafts, ventilation, and kinds of house heating. The evidence indicates that not one of these factors can be considered the actual major cause of a cold. It appears most probable that a cold is due to some definite bacterial organisms growing best in certain persons most susceptible. The recent success of curing colds by breathing a mild mixture of chlorine gas with air strengthens the germ theory for colds. The best remedy appears to be keeping the body in good physical condition.

—The greatest progress in medicine at the present day is in imitating secretions prepared naturally in the human body. The cause of disease is not always where the symptoms appear,—but often lies in a deficiency of a secretion, called a hormone, or more popularly, an extract. Thus diabetes, often considered a kidney disease, is really due to a lack of the hormone produced in the pancreas. A recent preparation in this line is the parathyroid hormone. The parathyroid glands lie near the Adam's apple in the throat. The hormone of these glands seems necessary to prevent deficiency of

calcium in the blood, thus preventing tetanus or poisoning of the voluntary muscles. When tetanus is confined to the jaw, it is familiarly known as lockjaw. A standardized preparation of the parathyroid glands is now in the hands of the medical profession, and experiments in progress show that it is a valuable addition to medical science.

—The outstanding engineering fact of the Florida hurricane was the survival of the tall steel frame office buildings.

—Germany, France, and various other continental countries have led the world in the past for research in pure science, and the United States has profited. With the stringent economic conditions now prevailing in Europe this research is receiving a severe setback, and the world looks to this country to take a larger share in this work than it has so far done.

—The transatlantic liner of the near future promises to be a thousand feet long.

—The marvelous efficiency of roller bearings on motor cars and machinery, has led to experiments for like use on railroad trains. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul announces that it is changing its passenger trains to this equipment, after two years of preliminary tests. The greatest gain is the effort for starting, the new equipment requiring only a 500-pound effort per coach, as against 3,600 for the older type.

—The U. S. Department of Agriculture has conducted successful experiments for distributing paris green from airplanes over swamp regions to kill malaria mosquito larva.

—A new invention takes the shine out of cloth by raising the surface nap.

—Character reading from facial qualities has long been tried by various experts,—and has been found wanting. The mere color of a man's face, the prominent forehead, the square jaw, the weight,—do not allow of a set reading of his character.

—A new 'gas' for motor cars, made from coal products, is announced from Germany. The liquid fuel bears better promise of success than others already tried since it is an improvement on a process already successful, but so far too expensive for commercial use.

## "APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Eating an onion may be the secret to health,—but how can this remain a secret?

—The air is still free,—but it now costs more to be able to breathe it.

—An example of great self-confidence is a human being taking lessons on a harp.

—England's control of rubber and tin is said to be slipping. America's control of these commodities seems to slip each week-end.

—To get back on your feet, get rid of your car.

—A cold in the head ought to encourage the patient—at least something is there.



—It is safer to breath through the nose, since it makes one keep the mouth shut.

—Some cities like to boast of their biggest generator. Many a city needs a regenerator.

—One pedestrian is killed every eight hours, says a report. That pedestrian must be growing tired of it.

—If the baby is named Bob after the mother's hair, the nameless baby might be named after father's hair.

—Many a person with a past may be approached with a present.

—Pedestrians are usually safe from drivers of new cars,—the motorist takes great care for his car.

—The word 'better-half' usually means what she says.

—Whenever a small college defeats a great university it is only a practice game.

—Some slippery citizens need chains.

—The kangaroo is considered nature's first attempt to produce a cheer leader.

—Some people are so run down they have to give up golf and return to work.

—In spite of its changeable climate, the United States seems to have but two reasons for some people,

—the baseball and the football season.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

## Miscellaneous

—Hungarian Sisters of Social Service have established themselves at Los Angeles. Their first foundation in this country was at Buffalo, the second at Stockholm, Saskatchewan, Canada.

—On the feast of Christ King the enlarged and renovated pro-cathedral at Belgrade in Jugoslavia was dedicated to Christ King.

—After an absence of 366 years the Friars Minor (Franciscans) have returned to Edinburgh, Scotland. In 1231, five years after the death of their holy founder, they date their first arrival in that country.

—St. Peter's Basilica at Rome, which is the largest and most famous church in Christendom, was consecrated by Pope Urban VIII on November 18, 1626. The memory of this consecration is kept every year on November 18 in all Catholic churches throughout the world. This Basilica is nearly 700 feet long (693.8), and covers an area of 163,182.2 feet. Begun in 1450, this great temple was not completed till 1626—176 years in building. The expense of the upkeep is enormous. Even before the war it required nearly \$50,000 the year.

—Iceland, which was lost to the Church 300 years ago by the Reformation that swept Northern Europe, shows signs of a second spring. Recently a second Catholic hospital was established in that country. We read that before the Reformation Iceland had four Benedictine abbeys and five convents. There were also 300 secular priests who served 220 churches.

—At Brough in England Rev. J. P. Waterkeyn had the unique privilege of baptizing his first grandchild. After the death of his wife some years ago, Father Waterkeyn received holy orders.

—At the golden wedding of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reiser, of Chilton, Wis., Rev. Joseph Reiser celebrated the solemn anniversary High Mass.

—A Catholic Medical Guild has been formed at Chicago for the purpose of fostering Catholic ethics in medicine.

—Sister Mary Francis of the Five Wounds, a Poor Clare Colletine, extern or lay sister, who died a year ago in Scotland at the age of 25, after a brief but holy life in religion, may one day be numbered among the canonized saints. Before her entrance into religion she was known as Margaret Sinclair, a working girl of Edinburgh. Numerous favors are reported to have been obtained through the efficacy of her prayers especially by the poor.

—Football, the game which nowadays attracts many of our youth to college and university, the game over which the whole country is raving, is proclaimed worse than bullfighting in Mexico and Spain. During the fall season of 1926 there were eight deaths, and 200 major injuries. In 1925 twenty youths met death as heroes(?) on the football field, while fifty other participants were seriously, though not fatally, injured in this fascinating sport.

—Joseph Beland, the grand old man of Calumet Island in Upper Ottawa, Canada, died recently at the age of 109 years, six months and eight days. The deceased claimed that his long life was due to hard work, regular hours, and substantial and wholesome food, and a simple life. Mr. Beland was a Catholic. He has left 150 descendants.

—A remarkable pilgrimage to Lourdes was that of a woman of about fifty years, who pulled after her a kind of wheeled sledge bearing her legless husband. The distance from Lille, their home, is about 700 miles. Forty days were required for the trip. The pilgrimage was one of thanksgiving for the sparing of the life of the husband, whose legs had to be amputated after being severely scalded.

—The loss to the clergy and the religious orders in France during the war was enormous. No fewer than 3,101 priests and 1,517 religious, besides 325 nuns sacrificed their lives in the cause.

—Peter Claudel, the new Ambassador from France, is proclaimed a zealous Catholic and a foremost writer of the day.

—Rev. Felipe Millan, S. J., known as the Father Damien of Culion, the largest leper colony in the world, is dead. For eleven years Father Millan labored among the 5,000 lepers of the colony. He was a brilliant scholar and a talented musician. He was master of novices in the Castilian Province of the Society when he offered his services to the victims of leprosy on the Island of Culion, which lies 200 miles south of Manila, and is ten degrees from the equator. Father Millan and his assistant heard 25,000 confessions a year and gave 160,000 Holy Communions, of which about one half had to be administered to the patients on their cots in the hospital.

—The Franciscans of the Province of St. John the Baptist will erect at Cincinnati a \$500,000 high school,

which will be known as the Roger Bacon High School.

—Mr. Lawrence Morrissey, who died on December 10, at Tecumseh, Nebraska, at the age of 73, was the father of seventeen children, of whom sixteen are living. His wife also survives him.

—During 1926, the year of the XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress, twenty-eight new parish churches were built in Chicago.

—Twin sisters, who several years ago entered the religious community that is in charge of the orphanage at Prince Albert, Canada, made their vows on December 13. They are now known as Sisters Mary Cosmas and Mary Damian.

—Mother Mary Joseph Aubert, foundress of the Institute of Compassion, died at Wellington, New Zealand, in November, at the age of 91. Mother Aubert, who was another of the remarkable daughters of France, included among her personal friends and acquaintances a number whom the Church has proclaimed saints or blessed. In the spirit of prophecy, St. John Baptist Vianney, the celebrated Curé of Ars, told her the salient details of her future life, such as her voyage to New Zealand and of the various good works she should engage in there.

—Last September Bishop Kelley, of Oklahoma, inaugurated a campaign to raise \$750,000 for diocesan purposes. At the end of three months \$772,000 had been subscribed. It is possible that the \$800,000 mark may be attained.

—To the memory of Francis Thompson, the Catholic poet, a marble tablet has been placed on the house in Preston (England) where the poet was born.

—On the feast of the Immaculate Conception in the Cathedral at Fort Wayne occurred the first public departure ceremonies of the Society of the Missionary Catechists. Rt. Rev. Bishop Noll, who conducted the impressive ceremonies, addressed the six departing Catechists on their duties among the neediest and most neglected people in the mission districts of the Southwest.

## Benedictine

—The new Church of St. James, Reading, England, on the site where in pre-Reformation days stood Reading Abbey, was opened with Pontifical High Mass by the Bishop of Portsmouth. Rev. Ignatius Rice, O. S. B., preached the dedicatory sermon. Blessed Hugh Cook Faringdon, the last Abbot of Reading, with two companions, was put to death here in the days of bloody persecutions.

—The new abbot of the Dormition on Mt. Sion, at Jerusalem, is the Rt. Rev. Maurus Kaufmann, O. S. B., formerly a monk of the Abbey of Maria Laach in Germany.

—The Benedictines of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, who have charge of the missions on the Bahama Islands, are meeting with marked success. Early in November the new church of Our Lady of the Holy Souls at Grant's Town was dedicated by the Very Rev. Prior Hildebrand Eickhoff, O. S. B., of St. Francis Xavier Church, Nassau, New Providence Island. The

first mission was established in the Bahamas in 1887. Thirty-five years ago when Very Rev. Chrysostom Schreiner, O. S. B., now Vicar Forane, arrived on the islands, he found only three Catholics in the colony. Today there are three churches in Nassau alone and twelve flourishing missions on the outlying islands. Seven priests are cultivating this field of the tropics. Sisters of Charity from Mt. St. Vincent on the Hudson conduct the parochial schools. The Bahama Islands are under the jurisdiction of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York.

—The Benedictine Nuns of St. Benedict's Priory, Colwich (Stafford), England, have recently been placed again under the direction of the English Benedictine Congregation. This community, which leads a strictly contemplative life, was founded 275 years ago. For a time it lived in exile in France. These nuns were the first to establish perpetual adoration in England. Since 1829, ninety-eight years ago, perpetual adoration has gone on uninterruptedly.—Dame Columba, O. S. B., (Miss Nora Kathleen Kennedy, of Birmingham), a nun of the community, recently pronounced her solemn vows. Her father, who attended the inspiring ceremony, was not only in the sanctuary at the time, but was one of the servers at the Mass on this happy event.

—Sister Maria Benedicta, Baroness von Spiegel, O. S. B., is the new abbess of the ancient St. Walburga Benedictine Abbey for nuns at Eichstaett, Bavaria. Abbess von Spiegel, who is a lineal descendant on her mother's side of St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, was professed in a Benedictine convent in Belgium. Because of the unfriendly feeling towards the Germans in the late war, Sister Maria Benedicta sought refuge in the Abbey of St. Walburga, where she has now become superior. The new abbess is the author of a number of scholarly publications.

—Holy Cross Abbey, at Cañon City, Colorado, has been made the recipient of a set of chimes, which was installed in time to be heard for the first time at Christmas. Acting on their own initiative, the citizens of Fremont County, in which the abbey is situated, collected \$4,500 and bought the chimes.

## Sonnet to Rome

PHILIP HUGH

Rome, when I stand upon thy magic hills,  
I see the plans of the Omnipotent!  
These ruin'd acres are their ornament!  
God's every word their history fulfils!  
Each silent stone a memory instils,  
Some pagan Caesar's savagery unpent,  
Some life renounced, to aid divine intent.  
This sacredness my restless spirit thrills!  
Oh, had I not been nurtured in the fold  
Of Peter, thou would'st yet have claim'd my heart!  
Thou tracest us unto the saints of old,  
Thou art the world's indisputable chart,  
Whereon, from earliest ages is enrolled  
Christ's glorious line, of which we are a part!



## CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—I wish that each of you might have "The Grail" calendar that you might look at the beautiful picture for the month of February. "And Even to Your Old Age I am He"—which means simply this: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what return shall a man get for his soul? For the Son of Man will come in the glory of His Father, and then will He render to every man according to His works."

This is a picture of Our Blessed Lord looking at an old man whose face is upturned questioningly. An old woman clings to His arm. Our Lord's right hand is on the old man's shoulder and He seems to be speaking to him, saying the words which give the picture its name.

### Bible Verses for February

Where pride is there also shall be reproach: but where humility is, there also is wisdom.

Hatred stirreth up strifes, and charity covers all sins.

The blessing of the Lord is upon the head of the just: but iniquity covereth the mouth of the wicked.

A wise man maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the sorrow of his mother.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is prudence.

Practice not evil against thy friend when he hath confidence in thee.

Labor as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Woe to them that are fainthearted, who believe not God: they shall not be protected by Him.

Woe to them that are of a double heart, and to wicked lips, and to the hands that do evil.

For gold and silver are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of humiliation.

Be not a hypocrite in the sight of men, and let not thy lips be a stumbling block to thee.

### To Jesus' Little Flower

S. M. T., O. S. B.

We find that in God's garden  
In a humble, shady bower,  
He reserved a fitting station  
For His "Little Flower."

Sheltered safe from wind and weather,  
From sunshine, cold and rain,  
Blossomed she from out the earth  
And to earth returned again.

But the fragrance—it is lasting—  
Still the sweetness fills the air,  
And the pilgrim in his passing  
Feels that virtue blossomed there.

In the heart of His fair Flower  
The Infant Holy sought repose.  
There He found far sweeter fragrance  
Than in lily or in rose.

Tenderly He watched and guarded  
The tiny plant with greatest care.  
In response it grew and blossomed  
Into a flower, wondrous, fair.

Tender petals grew and folded  
In a perfect cuplike mould,  
Forming for the shiv'ring Infant  
Shelter from the snow and cold.

Let us try to attain virtue  
Like to hers, who in the shade,  
For her Jesus was contented  
Unperceived to bloom and fade.

### Letter Box

(All communications for the LETTER BOX should be directed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Dear Readers of the LETTER BOX:

Before you write your letters, won't you please sit down and study the rules? It isn't so much the Cornerites who have written many times who are violating the rules, as the newcomers who have read and enjoyed the letters and who are inspired to send the first contribution.

When I see the omitted commas, or rather the places where the commas ought to be, and note that even periods are left out, I wonder if I ought to refuse to print letters which violate the rules so heartlessly.



A Little Red Cross Nurse

But I do not like to leave any name out of the Corner, and so I keep on inserting the letters that "murder the King's English" as well as those that break all the rules of rhetoric, and I keep on hoping that times will change, and that by and by we shall all get over this harum-scarum madcap chase without losing our equilibrium.

However, now that I have called your attention to the matter once more, won't you please be careful?

And again: won't you older members of the Corner, when you write the next time, please urge all the writers to help in this drive for more correct English until we shall have a 100%-letter-perfect Corner? They will read your letters and heed them, when they may overlook these lectures of mine.

I want to hear from the readers of the Corner who have radios, and I want to know what you are getting out of the air that is instructive, educational, and religious.

How many of you listen to Father Flanagan talk every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and hear his orphan boy's band from 1:30 until 2:30?

How many of you heard midnight Mass which was broadcast from Cincinnati or some other place on Christmas eve?

Who heard the Catholic sermon from WGN at Chicago on Christmas eve?

Do you listen to St. Mary's Choir from Shenandoah on the 4th Sunday from 4 till 5?

By reporting on the programs that you hear, you may help some one else to get in touch with some Catholic center in the air.

Several "Fidelity Buttons" have been awarded. We hope there will be many more who merit this button which was made especially for our Cornerites. You all have something worthwhile to write about. All who write to the "Corner" should take pride in their work and in the neat appearance of their letters. Don't forget the periods and commas, cross the t's and dot the i's, etc. Forget about the "wastebasket." Do your best and try to observe the few rules laid down for your guidance and then you will surely "escape Mr. Wastebasket."

Use pen and ink or typewriter.

Write on *one side only* of paper.

Your handwriting should be *legible*.

Leave margin of one inch at left edge of paper, and one-half inch at right edge.

Sign name and grade at right of paper.

Use correct English and avoid spelling mistakes.

#### MESSAGES FROM CORNERITES

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

I do not take the "Grail" but have read a copy of it, and what most interested me was the "Children's Corner" and I decided to write and ask permission to become one of the Cornerites.

I attend St. Alphonsus Junior High School of which I am a Senior.

I will be sixteen years old Jan. 12th. I would like to hear from girls and boys my age and over. I would love to hear from the Australian children. I will answer them all without exception. I am part Indian. My mother belongs to the Yankton Sioux.

Thinking this will be enough, I will close with Love. Marie Louise Shaffner, 3832 Windsor Pl., St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have long desired to become one of your nieces as well as a "Cornerite," but something always delayed me.

I have been writing several letters lately. I wrote a letter to Maria Durning, of Newark, N. J., and she and I have become good friends. I also wrote to Joseph Laurx.

I would like to hear from some "Cornerites" either twelve years of age or older.

I hope this letter will not be company for the wastebasket.

Your hopeful niece, Erma A. Takach, 502 Gearing Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is my first letter I have written to the corner although I have been reading it for over a year. I am 8 years old, and I go to Nativity School and I am in the third Grade B. I find in reading the Grail a great many Catholics learn a great deal they think they know and do not, and which helps them very much. As everything is so interesting to them. I also read the book called the Rosary Magazine and the Sacred Heart. They are very good also. I am also interested in winning one of The Fidelity Buttons, and would be very proud to show my schoolmates this beautiful Button. And I would also like to hear from some girls or boys, promising I will answer all letters to me.

Wishing you much luck in your work and may God bless you all, I am, Rose Mary Lahr, 3067 North Collins St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I would like to know if you would let me be a "Cornerite," also be one of your nieces.

I have been reading the "Grail." Whenever it arrives I always look for the page with "Letter Box" on it. Today I was reading the October and December issue. In the October issue I read about the "Fidelity Buttons." I also approve of Josephine Hafner's idea. I would like you to send back an answer telling me if I could be a "Cornerite" and get a "Fidelity Button." As I was reading the December issue I passed page 373 and it said, "Seven Dolors Indian Mission School." I became very interested at that moment. I thought you could send me a letter telling about it, for I do, not quite understand it. I would gladly give something to those poor little Indians. Please send me an answer as I asked before. Please send me the address to send to for a Mite Box, for the writing isn't clear enough to see. I hope the little "Cornerites" will have lots of good times and get along.

Your new niece, Kathryn Holland, 737 Second Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I wonder if you would let another of your unknown nieces join your Corner.

I am sixteen years old have brown hair, blue eyes, am five feet two, and weigh one hundred and five pounds.

We have been getting the "Grail" for two years and this is my first attempt to write, but I enjoy reading it very much, especially the Letter Box.

I love swimming, skating, dancing, and all kinds of sports.

I would like very much to correspond with some of the girls, and also the boys of our Corner and will answer all letters sent to me.

I guess this will be all for this time, Hoping I hear from someone soon, I am your new niece, Alice Baker, 79 Pacific St., Central Falls, R. I.

Dear Miss Hering:

I have been reading the letters in the Grail and I am very interested.

This is my first letter to your Corner.

I am fifteen years old and am in the second year high.



I will be very glad to hear from any of the boys and girls who wish to correspond with me.

I wish to join your Corner.

Best Wishes to the Cornerites

Eileen Ryle, 1310 Summit Ave., Sioux City, Iowa.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Hurrah! The long-yearned-for vacation will soon arrive. The long days of studying will turn to short and joyous hours and we will celebrate the holy feast of Christmas. Our church services on that day are grand and beautiful. And you, Aunt Agnes, I would love to see, and show you our beautiful little city of about nine hundred, which is entirely Catholic, and our pretty church and the beautiful convent of the Immaculate Conception, one of the most beautiful buildings in southern Indiana. It is conducted by the good Sisters of St. Benedict. We have a very zealous pastor Rev. Fr. Odilo who takes very much interest in his parish. Sr. M. Petronilla, O. S. B., is my teacher. We all love her so much. I am the only little girl in our family. I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade. I have three brothers. One of my brothers is studying in the Preparatory Seminary at St. Meinrad, one is at Huntingburg High School, and my baby brother is five years old. As my letter is getting quite lengthy and will take up too much of your valuable space, I must close, wishing the dear Grail the blessing of our divine Savior.

I am Sincerely yours, Mary Vivian Metzger, Ferdinand, Indiana.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been taking the Grail but a short time, and find it very interesting. I am especially interested in the children's corner and the letter box. I have been reading some very interesting letters which made me want to write. I would love to become a member of the Corner.

I am 13 years of age, and in the eighth grade. I live at Calhoun, Kentucky, a small town on the Green River. I go to the Calhoun high school. There isn't a Catholic school here. We have a small Church, and have Mass once a month.

I will write again and tell you more. I hope to see my name in the corner. And would love to hear from other members of the corner. I will answer all letters in a short time.

Your niece, Mary Josephine Borr, Calhoun, Kentucky.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I just started to high school this year. My sister and I are staying with our grandfather who is very good to us. Since I have been here I have been reading the Grail and have found very much of interest in it and like it fine. May I ask to be admitted to the Corner? I will find much interest in writing and answering letters. I want all of the Cornerites to write to me.

As I am a Newcomer I don't know what to write that would be interesting to you all. Next time I will try and write you about my home and the town in which I live. With love to all, Iva McCann, 402 South Pine St., Creston, Iowa.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been reading the Grail for only a few months and I enjoy it very much. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. I go to St. Edward's Church and School. I live three miles from school and mama takes us to and from school every day.

I would like to hear from some of the Cornerite's and I would gladly answer their letters.

I have two sisters and three brothers of whom I am the oldest.

I wish each and every one of You "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

I am your new niece, Angelica Nagel, Lowell, Indiana, Route 1.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Although my mother subscribed for the Grail last spring, I never took any interest in it until I looked through the December issue.

Having read every bit of news in the first section, I came upon Page three hundred and sixtynine where I saw the heading, "The Children's Corner." I proceeded to look through the Corner and read the letters and stories with unbounded interest. The thought then came to me that I would like to be a Cornerite. I wish that some of the Cornerites would write to me.

Hoping that this letter does not get thrown into the unmerciful clutches of the wastebasket, I remain in hoping, Wm. A. McCarthy, 6143 Evans Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Hering:—

My aunt has been sending me The Grail for about three or four months, and I have become so interested in the "Corner" that I am taking this opportunity of applying for membership, which I hope you will not refuse me.

Now to introduce myself. I am fourteen years old and a resident of San Francisco, but on account of a very weak heart was obliged to come down here to Los Gatos, for a six month's rest, which I am certainly getting.

When in the city I attend the College of Notre Dame, but at the present I am not allowed to partake of the work I enjoyed so much. I wasn't so crazy over school when I was there, but since I've been away I certainly miss it.

I am sure now, that this missive is coming to an end, so there will be a big sigh of relief, but I also hope that some of the boys and girls of the "Corner" will correspond with me. I will answer all letters, and gladly.

Very Fondly Yours, Ellen I. Wolf, 106 Glen Una Drive, Los Gatos, Calif.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

It's been nearly two months since I've written to you, because mother hasn't received the "Grail" for that length of time. I was very much surprised when it greeted me on my desk, and when I found my letter had been accepted.

I would just love to have some of those Australian children write to me. I know their letters will be very interesting especially, when they tell me of the wonders of the place.

I must be going to supper, and as I have no more to say at present, I shall have to close with love.

Your new niece, Mary Etta Wood, 3840 Cook Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I would like very much to become a Cornerite, and hope you will admit me into the Corner.

Although I have been receiving the Grail for some time, this is the first time that I have written to you. I am seventeen years old and just a Southern boy, proud of my home city, New Orleans.

We have a powerful radio station here, the Saenger-Maison Blanche Station, WSMB, of which we Orleansians are proud. This station broadcasts all sorts of musical programs and, sometimes, by remote control, it broadcasts the vaudeville acts from some of our local theatres. Perhaps some of the Cornerites have heard the programs from this station. I hope they enjoyed them.

Well, it is just about time for me to close now, as my letter seems to be getting long.

Hoping to be accepted as a Cornerite and wishing to assure all Cornerites who wish to correspond with me, that their letters will be answered, I am, Yours truly, Renè M. Colomes, 2730 N. Rampart St., New Orleans.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

My friend has received "The Grail" for about four months. I have read the stories in them and found them very interesting. I liked the Children's Corner the best.

I am in the eighth grade at school and am thirteen years of age.

I would love to have anyone of the Cornerites write to me and I promise I shall answer all letters received.

Hoping this misses the wastebasket I remain, Your new niece, Regina Daigle, 3 Ash St., No. Walpole, N. H.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I've read the Grail for many years and have enjoyed it very much, especially your corner. Many cornerites have written to me and my girl friends and I have enjoyed their letters immensely. My brother, John (16) and myself (18) have many friends and we are both fortunate enough to have the opportunity to go to High School and then to College,—an ambition that will be realized in February as it is my last term.

The reason why I am writing to you is that a great many of my friends of both sexes have written to a young man, Thomas Moran, 2 Belmont Court, Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn. His letter was published in the October issue of the Grail. Whenever anyone of us wrote to him we always received our letters stamped: "Does not live at this address." It is my opinion that he must have moved recently as that is the address he gave you. We would like you to help us because perhaps his address was misprinted or he might have sent you his new address, as he is a subscriber.

If you can help us, we would be very grateful. Here's wishing every success to the Corner and the Grail. I am, Yours sincerely, Veronica Bednarek, 445 East 80th St., New York City.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Br-rr-rr, but it's cold out here; it's snowing something terrible, and I have no shelter. I see no lights.

If I do not soon find—. But ah, I see a light, I shall run and ask shelter from the storm, which is even now here.

My, how cozy you all look in there, and so comfy too. May I join you? Yes, I hear you saying. Thank you! But shut the door, 'tis a cold wind you bring in! Ah, you are not all strangers here. There are many of you I know. But alas, only through the mail.

While I am within your shelter might I give a few messages?

What has happened Mae, have you forgotten Newark is on the map?

And, oh, here is another, I would like to speak to Phyllis Mortimer! A few months ago you wrote and asked certain girls if they thought they deserved a vacation. In all you handed out a scolding. But there is an old edict, which I would fain like to give you, and it is this—"To practice what you preach!" I wrote you last about three months ago, and like Mae Menninghof you too have forgotten Newark.

You two remind me of the ending of a once popular song: "You promised that you'd forget me not, but you forgot to remember."

It seems Irving Berlin wrote that for others besides Ellen Mackay.

I would be pleased to hear from any boys and girls no matter what your age. I promise to answer every letter I receive (and I won't forget that promise either).

Ah! the sun has returned and it is no longer snowing. So I have to go, and continue on my journey. So allow me to say, Con Amore,

Cecilia D. Arnold, 24 Marne St., Newark, N. J.

Aunt Agnes, have we any members who live in Europe? If so, could I have their addresses? I would like to write them. Thank you. Cecilia.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—It has been several years since we have had any letters from Europe for the "Corner."

## Exchange Smiles

"Who was the smallest man in history?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am," answered the bright pupil, "it was the Roman soldier who went sleep on his watch."

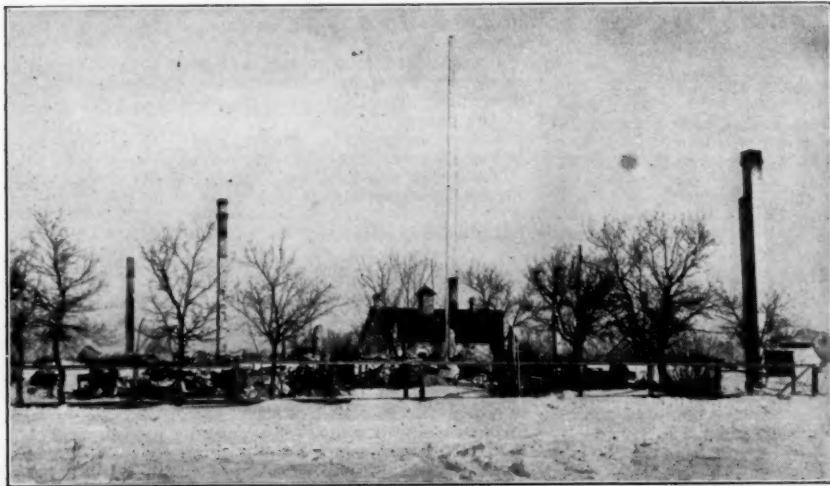
Teacher: "What do you understand, John, by the word 'deficit'?"

John: "It's what you've got when you haven't as much as you had when you had nothin'."

"What is your birth stone, Dad?" asked little Emma who was going through the list.

"I don't know, daughter," answered the father of seven, "but I think it's the grindstone."

Girl in flivver, going like blazes,  
Tickled all over at dust she raises;  
Lets go wheel to fumble in purse,  
Takes out powder rag—  
Good Night, Nurse!



Ruins of Seven Dolors Indian Mission—Church, Sisters' House, and School

# Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## Editor's Note

Ever since Abbot Martin Marty, O. S. B., went to minister to the Sioux Indians and convert them to the Faith, which is now more than fifty years ago, St. Meinrad Abbey (the home of THE GRAIL) has maintained a number of missions among the Dakota or Sioux Indians. In time Abbot Marty became the first Vicar-Apostolic of Dakota Territory and then first Bishop of Sioux Falls, after the Territory had entered the Union as North and South Dakota respectively. There are three mission centers that are still ministered to by priests from St. Meinrad Abbey.

1. The farthest north is Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., who is stationed at Fort Totten, North Dakota. At this address mail, express, and freight will reach him. Father Ambrose has several missions to look after.

2. At Stephan, South Dakota, are Fathers Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Justin Snyder, O. S. B., who look after a number of missions. Mail will reach them at Stephan, S. D., but express and freight should be sent via Highmore, S. D.

3. Father Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., the missionary at Marty, South Dakota, also has several missions under his care. His post office is Marty, S. D., but he gets freight and express via Ravinia, S. D.

## S O S!

Father Ambrose Mattingley up in North Dakota has been trying for a long time to get a fund started for a Catholic school, as the children of his mission attended the Government School, where the Grey Nuns have taught up to now. These nuns are growing aged and infirm, but because of a law which forbids ladies in religious garb to teach in Government schools, they cannot be replaced by younger ones. So Father Ambrose was trying to provide for the time when the faithful nuns of his mission would no longer be able to carry on their work, unless he had a school of his own, independent of the Government.

But alas, now a worse thing has happened. One night while everyone was asleep, fire was discovered in the school, and an evil wind soon made the flames uncontrollable. The church, school, and convent were burned to the ground, and the only building left was Father Ambrose's two-room cottage, where 105 shivering children in night dresses were huddled. Imagine the great merciless prairie with its open, snow-swept stretches, a freezing, biting wind blowing its icy blast at the flame demon, devouring all before it, and a crowd of poor, helpless children and their devoted teachers looking despairingly on, unable to lift a finger to prevent the destruction of their home and shelter!

And good Mother Superior lost her life in her anxiety for two nuns who slept in the attic. She penetrated the burning building, and, overcome by the smoke, swooned and fell down the stairs, at the foot of which two of her nuns dragged her to safety. But she died in the hospital next day. How the poor missionary's heart must be wrung to see such awful setbacks to his years and years of heart-rending struggle! Shall we sit back and let him mourn alone over this destruction of all his hopes and the fruits of his thirty-seven years of labor? Who will come forward and reach a hand out to good Father Ambrose, a hand that says,

"Don't grieve, Father, we are with you. We'll see that you have a school of your own this time, where the faithful nuns may continue to work without any hindrance of laws, a home for these kind workers, and a chapel where Our Blessed Lord may once more repose among his children."

This good Father has been appealing a long time for aid to start a fund with which to build a school, but he has not been very successful. It seems now, however, that things have been forced to such a desperate issue that something must be done immediately. Shall we allow Father Ambrose and his faithful band of Grey Nuns to go without the help they so sorely need? If help does not come speedily, they will be forced to abandon their work, which would break their hearts, because they love it so.

Who will arrange a party or a lotto or a play for the benefit of Seven Dolors Mission? What school will conduct a cake sale, or sell popcorn or candy at recess time, the pupils to donate the goods? Who will be generous and donate outright a quarter or half, or whole dollar to the cause of these homeless Indian children?

Bedding, beds, clothing, school supplies, shoes, etc., will be needed, as all of these have gone up in flames in the old buildings. What good people will send pillows, featherbeds they do not need, or bags of feathers—or, in fact, anything in the above line which they have discarded about the house, but which is still useful?

Write CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo., if you have something to send.

## The Blessed Sacrament in a Wardrobe

Just imagine the tabernacle our dear Lord has had for the last three weeks at Seven Dolors Mission! Since the church was burnt down entirely, Father Ambrose has had to place Our Savior, under His veils of bread, in a wardrobe in his bedroom! And now one of the Indians of the Mission has made a tabernacle of wood in which to place the Lord of Heaven and Earth, and Father Ambrose is sharing his room with God. (And that room is only 6 x 14). Half of the room is partitioned off for a chapel, and the other half is Father's bedroom. Who will help buy the first stick of building material for a new church?

The fire occurred a week before Christmas, and, just as 1926 years ago, the Infant Saviour came down to a cold, cheerless Bethlehem, so, on this, His last birthday, he came down to another Bethlehem, a humble room on a snowclad prairie, in blizzard-swept North Dakota. The loss was estimated at \$45,000, with \$10,000 worth of school equipment destroyed. The buildings were old, having been erected in 1885.

## Many Responses to Christmas Appeal

The appeal for Christmas boxes to be sent to the Indian kiddies was nobly responded to, and proves that there are many kind, warm-hearted people in our United States. The letters flocked in from all parts of the Union, and if all who wrote in sent boxes, the children out there must have been very happy indeed. Only the poor children of Seven Dolors had no Christmas tree this year. They are scattered far and wide—some to the nearby government school, others, who could not be accommodated, had to return to their poor homes on the reservations.

## We Will Give a Prize

We will give a prize to every child who will organize a cake, popcorn or candy sale in his school, and send in \$5.00 or more for Father Ambrose's new school and church. One school I know of has constant sales of this kind for the Chinese missions; they bring the popcorn themselves and sell it at recess time; or the mothers bake or buy cakes, and they are sold at 5¢ the slice; or they bring homemade peanut candy or fudge or mints, and the tables down in the basement are besieged at recesses and at noontime with eager youngsters. They usually make from \$18 to \$20.

Is this not a good record? What shining stones and bags of treasure they are storing up for themselves in Heaven! And what good times they have while doing it! They surely must enjoy it, or they would not carry on one sale after another like that.

Let us hear from our young readers. If you do have a sale, (take Sister into your confidence and she will help you) write us afterward and tell us all about it. Send us your picture too, and we will print the letter and your picture to show other little boys and girls what you can do. You will also receive a beautiful prize. Now, all hands to the plow, and see if we cannot wipe away the tears of good Father Ambrose and his devoted nuns. Let us make him and them feel that they are not forgotten, but that we are working heart and soul to raise them from the depths of their despair.

## Sale of Beadwork for Indian Mission

In order to raise some money in his desperate need, Father Ambrose has sent us a box of Indian bead work—moccasins, belts, and handbags. These are beautiful in design and coloring, and represent many a patient hour's work by some devoted old Indian woman. Anyone who has done beadwork will understand and appreciate the tediousness of this form of embroidery, and know the value of it. The moccasins are in all sizes, from children's to men's and ladies', of soft buckskin, and useful for bed slippers. Prices, \$1.00 for children's, \$2.00 for adults'. Give length of foot in inches. The hand bags are such as any lady would be pleased to possess, and sell from \$1.00 to \$4.00. Beautiful woven necklaces, 75¢ and \$1.00, belts, beaded, with satin-finish, silver buckle, such as Johnny might proudly exhibit to his admiring companions, \$2.00. 1 doll cap (large Mamma doll size) beautifully beaded, 75¢.

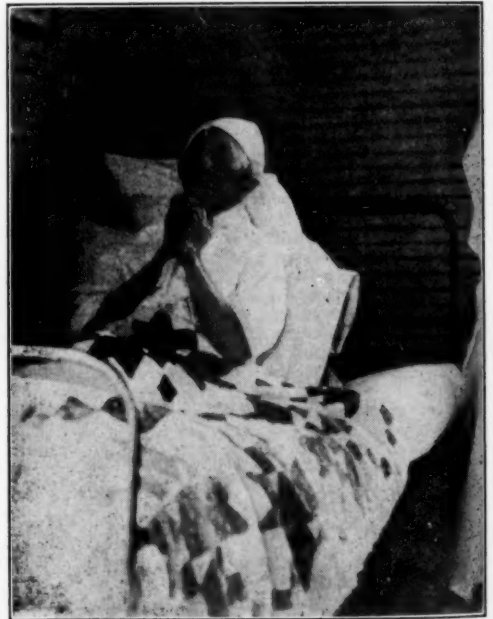
Send remittances to CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo., and order will be promptly mailed out to you. In buying these articles, you are not only getting your money's worth, but helping those in need.

## A Missionary's Life

Many people may ask, why do they send priests and sisters away from their comfortable convents in the cities, to toil in barren lands, in poverty and harsh labor, just for the sake of educating a few Chinamen, Africans, or Indians? Why not let these alien peoples live and thrive in the mire for which nature made them? The missionaries reach but a handful at best, and the rest must plod on, live and die in the same savage state to which they were born. Why bother with them at all? They will get along just as well without.

Have those people ever stopped to think that these Chinamen, Africans, and Indians have immortal souls just as we Christians have? And that their souls, unbaptized, cannot enter Heaven and taste the bliss which is prepared for those who have been cleansed in the Sacrament of Baptism? Besides, most of these peoples live in such squalor, filth, and misery, that their lives are nothing but a bare existence. Poverty is their daily guest, hunger and sickness its grim companions; the food they eat would turn our dainty stomachs, or bring on an attack of indigestion; their clothing is just anything they can beg, borrow, or buy out of the few stray coins that occasionally come their way.

It is true, the field is large, and the workers few; but just because these few willing workers cannot reach all the unfortunate souls who languish and drag out a miserable existence in the odd corners of the earth, does it follow that they must leave them *all* to perish miserably, body and soul? Shall they not reach out a helping hand to as many as they can possibly assist? Shall they not strive by might and main to claim for Heaven the souls of all the poor innocent babies who die by reason of poverty, sickness, and want? Shall they not bring the precious promise of Heaven to adults who have had nothing but squalor and misery in this life? And shall not we, who have comfortable homes, assist these noble missionaries in their hard lives of self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness?



ONE OF THE FRUITS OF OUR INDIAN MISSIONS

*Grandma Charbonneau on her deathbed at the ripe old age of 94. She had just received Holy Viaticum and was communing with God when the snapshot was taken—without her knowledge.*



## Mission Activity

(Continued from page 437)

missionaries in the field, whether at home or in distant lands. The success of the missionary depends to a great extent on the assistance that he receives from home—it is another case of the Israelites sustaining the arms of Moses while he prays.

A purely spiritual mission activity is the International Eucharistic League, which is placed under the guidance of the Holy Ghost for the union of Christendom. The great object of this League is threefold: (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; (2) the return to the Church of all Protestants; (3) the conversion of all non-Christians. The chief means for attaining this object are the Mass and Holy Communion. Members of the League are expected to attend an occasional Mass, which they should offer up for the intentions of the League. This does not mean to have a Mass said. For the same purpose they should also offer up an occasional Holy Communion. Except for a brief daily prayer there are no further obligations, no dues, no collections. For a certificate of membership apply to the editor of THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

## Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

### Crusaders and Devotion to Holy Family

Many devout souls dedicate each month to some particular devotion, and during the month of February are accustomed to offer up their prayers in a particular manner to the Holy Family. Perhaps Crusaders, who are pledged to pray constantly for the spread of Christ's earthly kingdom, may find it an aid to devotion if they also consecrate this month to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, the sacred and inspiring little family of Nazareth.

To Joseph as head of the Holy Family we can offer our prayers for the head of Christendom, the Father of the great Christian Family; for the pastors laboring out in the vineyard, who are truly fathers of the flock; and, finally, for heads of Christian families that they may rule their households with the firm scepter of justice and in the Christlike spirit of charity.

To Mary, as mother in this blessed family, we can offer our prayers for the Catholic Church, the kind and loving mother of us all. May the spouse of Christ, through the powerful intercession of Mary, extend her sway over all the peoples of the earth. Pray that her salutary influence may reach out to those who wander in the mists of unbelief or are lost in the byways of sin; that she may be able to embrace every needy soul with her maternal solicitude, enlightening the mind with her doctrine, directing the will with her saving guidance, and nourishing the spiritual life with her powerful sacraments. To Mary let us further commend all Christian mothers, that these pure and valiant

souls upon whose labors all that is best in life depends, may be aided by God's grace in the rearing of their offspring, comforted by His presence in the hour of trial, and rewarded by His blessing in God's good time.

To Jesus, Child of Mary, and Joseph let us commend all the children of God, who, redeemed by the Precious Blood of the Savior, are made heirs of the heavenly kingdom. Especially may the Divine Infant watch over the thousands of little sons and daughters who invoke His Name the world over; may He keep them close to His Sacred Heart, preserving now and always that childlike simplicity, faith, and love which will bring them into the kingdom of heaven, and may He from this numerous band of little ones choose many noble-hearted boys and pure-souled girls to join in the conquest of the world for His own Sacred Heart.

## Abbey and Seminary

—Shortly before Christmas Mr. Emil Frei, of St. Louis, who was returning from his Art Glass factory in Munich, stopped to show us a sketch of the artist's design for the decoration in mosaics of the sanctuary of our Abbey Church. The principal figure in the design is Christ as King and great High Priest.

—By special train and bus the students departed on December 22 for the holiday vacation. Twenty priests of the community were sent out to render assistance in parishes or to take charge of missions on Christmas. There were scarcely enough at home to carry out the ceremonies prescribed by the liturgy.

—After Christmas the Rev. Professors of Jasper College came home to spend a few days with their brethren at the Abbey.

—While endeavoring to set a mangle in order, Father Lambert had the misfortune to get his right hand between the large steel rollers. Several who were present helped to extricate the hand from the viselike grip of the mangle. Not only was the hand bruised but it had a deep flesh wound diagonally across the palm some five inches in length. First aid was administered and the doctor was called. Quite a number of stitches were required to close the wound properly. While it takes time for so great a wound to heal, there is every reason to hope that the hand will soon be back to normal again.

—The beautiful feast of the Epiphany, or Little Christmas, each year finds the Magi with their rich gifts at the crib of the Divine Infant. The guiding star shines bright over Bethlehem to light their way. The cribs both in the church and in the clerics' study hall, erected by loving hands to the sweet memory of the Christ Child, though homemade, are handsome and attractive. Electric bulbs in the shape of flowers, birds, and globes of various hues add splendor to the scene.—After the Gospel of the Solemn High Mass on Epiphany, according to time-honored custom, a cantor, vested in surplice and cope, announces from a pulpit in the sanctuary the movable feasts of the year and the dates of their celebration. The Mass then continues. After Mass, likewise according to ancient custom, water is

blessed privately. At the end of Sext, which follows immediately after High Mass, the choir is blessed with Epiphany water. At the noonday meal each is given a small portion of this water to drink.

—The seminarians are gathering funds with which to erect for themselves a recreation hall. An architect has submitted plans for a commodious building with an attractive, though not expensive, exterior. The secretary of the building committee is provided with ample pockets which are capable of holding all the donations that are offered towards the erection of this building, which is so much desired. To add to the meager funds on hand, a troupe of seminary players reproduced during the holidays Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice at Vincennes, Washington, North Vernon, and New Albany to appreciative audiences. Visions of great sums as a result of the performances may have been shattered, yet the venture was not an entire failure, for approximately \$900 was realized. The dress rehearsal of the play, which was given in the College Music Hall on December 19, elicited many rounds of hearty applause that was merited.

—The return of the students this year on January 6 from the holiday vacation was marked by a very sad occurrence which has cast a shadow of gloom over the whole community, for the collision of two automobiles brought almost instant death to our Brother Meinrad and painful injuries to several students who were riding with him. In the early evening when the Brother was returning from Huntingburg with a number of students, the automobile that he was driving collided with an automobile that was coming from the opposite direction. Apparently the driver of the other machine did not have proper control, for his automobile is said to have swerved to the left, and then possibly tried to regain its course to the right to avoid the crash. The force of the impact was so great that all were stunned, and the machines were wrecked. Both drivers and the others, who had likewise been injured, were taken to Dale where first aid was given them. Brother Meinrad, who had several ugly scalp wounds, was unconscious and remained so to the end. Extreme unction, with the plenary indulgence at the hour of death, was administered. He was then rushed in an ambulance to St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville, for medical attention. A thorough examination showed that the skull was not fractured, but there were indications of internal injuries. Shortly after midnight a quantity of bright red blood issued from the mouth of the dying man, and without a struggle he quietly passed away. The coroner's verdict was cerebral hemorrhage with concussion at base of brain. Father Columban, novice master and instructor of the Brothers, was with the injured Brother from shortly after the mishap until he breathed his last. The burial took place on January 10 after a Solemn Requiem which was celebrated by Father Columban. The remains, accompanied by the student body, community, and visitors, were then laid to rest in the monastic God's Acre. — Brother Meinrad, who was a native of Switzerland, was born in Canton Lucerne on January 12, 1885. Upon the return of our Fr. Abbot

Athanasius from a trip to Europe in 1901 he brought with him two prospective members for the Abbey. Of these the one, who came from Switzerland, was destined to bear the name of his glorious countryman, St. Meinrad. Accordingly, in 1902 the future brother was clad in the garb of St. Benedict and on October 4 of the following year pronounced his vows. Gifted, clever, and skilled in various ways, with a preference for mechanics, Brother Meinrad became in time our chief electrician. Jovial and good-natured, he made many friends among clergy and laity. Ours is a distinct loss that is not easily filled. We commend to the prayers of our readers the repose of the soul of the dear departed one who was so suddenly summoned while making an heroic effort to save his fellow travellers from death. His passing was a great shock to all who knew him. We deeply appreciate the messages of sympathy and promise of prayers and Masses from friends of the deceased. God rest his soul!

—Rev. Anthony A. Keil, S. S. J., a former student of St. Meinrad College and Seminary, who several years ago joined the Society of St. Joseph to labor among the Negroes of the United States, was ordained by Archbishop Curley at Baltimore on January 23. The new priest offered up his First Mass at Haubstadt, Indiana, on January 30. May abundant success attend his labors in the field to which God has called him.

## Book Notices

A new liturgical biweekly, a three-language paper—French, English, and Spanish, *L'Artisan Liturgique*, comes from Lille, France (1, Rue du Palais de Justice). The initial number of this new Church Art Review, which is the organ of the Liturgical Society, appeared under date of Jan 1, 1927. The subscription price is 24 francs the year—for 24 numbers. The first number tells how the altar should be constructed, and begins a "practical course of mechanical embroidery for the benefit of those engaged in making church robes." Dom Gaspar Lefebvre contributes an article on "how to make the ornaments appertaining to the chalice." The review has many illustrations, of which a number are in colors. We hope that *L'Artisan Liturgique* may succeed in forming in the minds of its readers correct ideas concerning ecclesiastical art.

The Society for the Propagation of the faith, with headquarters for the United States at 109 E. 38th St., New York, has issued an interesting booklet, "Little Atlas of Catholic Missions," which contains in brief much information relative to the Catholic missions of the whole world. The statistics and notes on each mission field, together with twenty, two-page maps, make this booklet of great value to all who are interested in the missions.

Father Finn, the author of so many popular story books for boys, is now the author also of a "Boys' and Girls' Prayer Book," which, of course, is prepared especially for boys and girls. The text is adapted to the mind of the young. The pictures that illustrate the Mass and the Stations are not only artistic, but are printed in four colors, which makes them very attractive. This splendid little book of 320 pages concludes with a brief explanation of the Gospels for each Sunday of the year. The prices range from 35¢ to \$1.75. Benziger Brothers are the publishers.

(Continued on page 477)

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## Hidden Gold

### CHAPTER VIII

#### FURNISHING AN ORPHANAGE

**D**URING the whole of the following week, Jasper was so wrapped up and absorbed with inner thoughts and schemes, that he almost forgot he had a body. He smoked innumerable pipes of tobacco, forgot to eat half the time, and when he read a book or paper, the printed page was visible to him for about two minutes. Then a word or paragraph here or there would suggest a train of thought suggesting the darling scheme he was nursing, and the page would remain unturned for the next fifteen or twenty minutes. At night he could be heard murmuring about furniture and rooms and partitions in his dreams, and it was well Madame was absent, or she would surely have taken him to task about it, for she was a very suspicious person, and often construed the most innocent words and occurrences into meanings which were never intended.

He visited the house on Penn Street several times, and watched Mrs. Murphy's progress with pleased interest, praising her work, much to that lady's encouragement, and often assisting her in things where a helping hand was needed. Before long, all was in spick and span order, windows shining, panes put in where they were broken, floors white and speckless, wall paper cleaned, the basement and attic cleared out so that not even a piece of paper or a string remained.

"Now," said Jasper on the last day, smiling and rubbing his hands, "I don't think the Sisters themselves could find a single grain of dust in the entire house, and you know, they are known for their immaculate housekeeping." Mrs. Murphy broke into pleased smiles.

"Well, now, Mr. Valens, sure an' it's good of you to say so. I've tried my level best, havin' always before my face those good nuns who're going to live here. I'd rub my arms off for them, I would. Nothin's too good for them. And I don't mind tellin' ye, Mr. Valens, that my oldest girl, Maggie, has a hankerin' fer the convent. She wanted to go two years ago, but lands, she was only sixteen, and I begged her to wait a little yet, what wit' seven children an' a sick husband on my hands, an' her jest beginnin' to earn a few cents at hat trimmin'—not that I wouldn't let her go if she asked me now—I don't believe in denyin' the Lord anything

ye know. There's plenty of energy and good work in me yet, and Nellie will soon be through wit' her business course, and then she'll begin to help."

"It's very wonderful of you to look at it that way, Mrs. Murphy, but the Lord won't let Himself be outdone in generosity, you know. If you gave up Maggie to Him, He would help you out with the support of your family some other way. I've seen that happen before." The woman beamed as she rubbed and polished a window.

"Do you think so? Well, do you know, I'm sorta glad the St. Joseph Sisters are taking this place. It's not far from home, and Maggie might take a likin' to them, and then I could see her often, couldn't I now?"

"Yes, that is, if they decide to take in postulants here."

"Oh, I do hope they will." Just then a whistle, heralding the hour of 4:30, blew and Jasper hastily took out his watch to verify it.

"I'll have to hurry on home now," he said. "There'll be a lot of boxes for me to deliver."

"Well, Mr. Valens, I'm just about through here, and you may as well tell the good nuns everything is ready for 'em."

"Good! I'll telephone them on my way home. I know they'll be delighted. Tomorrow I'm going around to get donations of furniture for them."

"You are, now! Well, that's wonderful of ye, Mr. Valens. Another party wouldn't worry about nothin' but takin' in the rent every month. I'd like to help them out myself. Stop at my place, will ye, Mr. Valens? I've an old bureau up in the attic they can have, and maybe a couple of chairs or so." Jasper looked at her uncertainly, knowing her poverty.

"You're perfectly sure you can spare them, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Why of course! If I can't spare them, I'll spare them anyway!" And she burst into a merry laugh as she shook out her scrub rags.

"This giving fever becomes a contagious thing, doesn't it? But really, I don't like to—"

"Now, don't you dare rob me of the pleasure of giving these things, Mr. Valens. You just said God won't be outdone in generosity. Don't you see how slick I am? I'm expectin' Him to send me better ones; that's why I'm givin' them." And her laughter pealed out again.

"Well, that's one way of looking at it—and a good one." (Mentally he resolved that she actually would

receive better ones in the course of a week or so. He would send it to her unbeknownst, like a gift falling from the blue.) "And now, while I think of it, how much do I owe you?"

She was a long time answering, busied as she was in rinsing out her bucket and cloths at the kitchen sink.

"Well, now, I don't know as I ought to charge you anything, bein' as it's a charitable institootion, and you doin' more than your part—"

"Now, my dear Mrs. Murphy, I can't let you go on talking like that. You have a family at home, and you've been working here all week, when you might have been making money at something else. So, if you won't tell me what the bill is, I'll try to compute it myself. My wife's cleaning woman charges three dollars a day; you've been here five days, so that would be fifteen dollars. Is that satisfactory?"

"Och! Man, I'm not that hungry. Make it eight dollars and call it square."

"No indeed. You'll accept standard price or I'll be ashamed that I engaged you."

"Go on now; you'll be no such thing. Won't you leave me a little merit at all, at all? Ye do be wantin' to go up to Heaven quick an' aisy like."

And so they haggled, not over too little pay, as some might, but over what seemed to the good woman too much, and as Jasper would not give in, she finally compromised. Their faces were wreathed in smiles.

"Well, see here; you can pay me the three dollars a day if you want to, but I insist on givin' one day free at least. Now, does that suit ye?"

"Let me see; that would make it twelve. Well, it's a shame to deprive you of the other three, but since you insist, very well. Here you are." And he laid the bills in her hand. "And now, I will have to hustle. It's getting late. Good-bye," he said, shaking hands with the lady.

"Good-bye and God bless ye, Mr. Valens. If the sisters need help any other way, count on me."

"I'll do that, Mrs. Murphy." And he hastened off, leaving her to set the latch of the door when she had gathered up her things, it would lock of itself.

When Jasper arrived home, he glanced hastily through the mail, before going to the Salon to ask Annie what boxes must go out. He found one post-marked from a town in Massachusetts. Throwing the others aside, he hastily tore open the envelope, and found a letter from Dr. F—— of the State Sanitarium. It read:

"Dear Sir:—

We have yours of the 18th inst. inquiring as to the health and well-being of Mr. George Mathews, who was an inmate of our institution. We are very sorry to give you the sad news that Mr. Mathews died four years ago, having contracted pneumonia while trying to escape on a 20-below-zero night in January. He was found by farmers lying half frozen by a lonely roadside. If there is anything else you wish to know, command us; we will be glad to answer any question—" etc.

When Jasper had finished, he bowed his head and felt very sad. Poor little Maud! Then she was more an orphan than ever, and it was too late to try to bring a little earthly solace to the poor man whose plight had been so pitiable. Well, God knew best. In His mercy He had taken the poor soul to Himself, to a place where the blind see, the deaf hear, and the fog hanging over the brains of those poor helpless beings who have lost the use of sense and reason, are forever cleared away. As Jasper stood and pondered, there was a clatter of joyous footsteps down the stairs, and he quickly crushed the letter in his hand and turned to meet Maud with smiling countenance, albeit his eyes were moist. Maud never knew why Jasper held her so long and tenderly, stroking her golden curls, and looking pityingly into her innocent, upturned face. Yes, it was best that she should never know the tragedy of her life. When that seemingly distant day came for the opening of the sealed envelope, he would carefully peruse everything alone first, and sidetrack or destroy anything that might bring tears into those great, violet eyes. Tears would never come to Maud by his hand, if he could help it, he resolved, and he would see to it that no one else, least of all Madame, got hold of any detrimental revelations. For he knew, down in his secret heart, though he would not even admit anything uncharitable about her to himself, that Madame would not be above reproaching the child with her antecedents, if she got the chance.

Next day, having hurried through his morning's work, he was able to leave the clothing store at 11:30, and, having taken a hasty bite to eat at a nearby restaurant, he next went to a moving man whom he knew.

"Joe," he said, "I want to engage you for the afternoon for a new kind of work. No, I'm not intending to move, but I'm going from house to house to get donations of old furniture for the St. Joseph Sisters, who are going to start an orphanage in an old house down on Penn Street. Are you with me? Of course, I don't expect you to do it for nothing."

Joe scratched his head, took out a greasy-looking notebook, which he perused with a thick, knotted forefinger for a moment.

"Mm, I guess so," he finally conceded. "Got nothin' partic'lar on for this afternoon. When? Right away? All right, sir!" And he walked off to hitch up his team. In a few minutes he was ready, and Jasper climbed up beside him.

"Now, where do you want to go?" inquired Joe.

"Well, let's try the residential district—Elmore Street and Dante Avenue and Longfellow Place, and all around there."

"All right, sir." So they stopped at the head of Elmore Street, where the pretty bungalows and residences began. Jasper alighted and rang the first door-bell, making his polite request when the lady of the house appeared. But she was very prim and dignified.

"Why of course not; we are using our furniture, and haven't any to give away," she haughtily announced. Jasper tipped his hat.



"Very well, ma'am. Thank you very much," was his reply, as he swallowed his chagrin and hurried down the scrupulously scrubbed stone steps.

"And please don't cross over that lawn!" called the lady shrilly, as he thought to walk over to the next door. He tipped his hat again, and politely said, "Yes ma'am," as she indignantly slammed the front door.

"Gee!" called Joe. "That was a hot one!"

"Well, maybe the next door lady will let me cross over her lawn," replied Jasper, smiling good-naturedly. The next door lady was not at home. Only a dog barked excitedly inside, but no one came to the door. The next lady thought maybe she could spare the hassock in grandma's room. Grandma never used it anyway. Jasper came down the steps grinning.

"Well, it's a beginning, anyway," he said to Joe, sliding the hassock far into the wagon. Then he went to the next house.

"Furniture?" laughed a stout, well-fed lady. "Well, we chopped up a couple of old chairs for kindling last week. If you'd have come along before that, you could have had them. However, I've a wash basket full of Mason jars and ketchup bottles if you care to have them."

"I suppose the Sisters will be making jellies and ketchup too. Yes, I'll take them. They'll come in handy." While Jasper puffed and strained his muscles under the heavy weight, the lady called, "Wait."

"Here's a baby walking chair. Do you think the Sisters could use it?" Jasper smiled.

"I haven't a bit of doubt that they'll have to teach a few toddlers how to walk. I'll take it." She began to rummage some more.

"Here's a bag of feathers, and an old carpet sweeper, and, do you want this old salt and pepper and vinegar castor? It was my mother's, but they don't use them now." Jasper made a waving gesture.

"Thank you, ma'am. Just pile it all on. I don't refuse anything."

"Well, begins to look as if we'll have something to haul after all," commented Joe, as he helped Jasper put the things into the wagon.

The next house wore a wreath of mourning, and Jasper, with pitying eyes, was passing it by, when a little boy darted out of a door and ran up to him.

"Are you the Salvation Army?" he asked.

"No, son. We're gathering furniture for an orphan home."

"Wait till I tell Dad." Jasper waited, and presently the boy came out again and beckoned to him. A sad-looking man led him down to the basement.

"Do you want this bedroom set? My wife just bought a new white ivory set for her room two weeks ago, but she won't need it now. She's dead." Immediately Jasper's hand was extended toward the man.

"I'm so sorry, sir. You have my deepest sympathy."

"Where is this orphan home?"

"On the corner of Penn and Sixth Streets. The nuns are just opening a new home, and they haven't anything to put in it yet."

"Oh, it's a Catholic home? My wife was a Catholic. She always wanted our boy brought up Catholic, but I objected. Now it's too late. I can't do anything to please her any more. I'd do anything now, just to get her back—but it's useless." And he made a hopeless gesture. Jasper wondered whether Almighty God did not take away this mother in order to break the stubborn man's will and save the soul of her boy.

"Useless? No sir; it's never useless. If you believe in God, you must believe that you can still please your wife in Heaven," said Jasper. But the man shook his head.

"That's just it. I don't believe in anything. I can't help it." Jasper shook his head helplessly, murmuring something about "It being pretty hard, in that case." He looked at his watch, and felt that precious time was slipping.

"I won't keep you," said the man. "I suppose you are in a hurry. But I'd like to take down your name and address, if you don't mind. Perhaps some day you might help me to find a Catholic school for the boy. I'll think it over. There may be something in what you say."

"Jasper Valens, is the name." The man raised his eyebrows.

"Not the Jasper Valens. The celebrated slum worker of our city?" Jasper felt the blood rushing all over his face.

"W-e-l-l," he stammered in confusion, "I didn't know I was that famous. I have been doing a little work in the slums, yes; but I didn't know that anyone knew about it."

"Oh, yes; I've heard of you through various sources. Well, I'm glad indeed to meet you. You should have told me at once." Having written down Jasper's name and address in a little notebook, the man proceeded to load down the moving van with much besides the bedroom set, so that, when he and Joe were finished, the vehicle was quite full, and they decided to deliver the articles at the new orphanage and "call it a day."

"Well, we've got your furniture," said Mr. Valens cheerily as Sister Elsa Marie, now Superior, came to the door in answer to his ring. When she beheld the load of articles of every description in the interior of the van, her eyes lit up like electric lights.

"Oh, Mr. Valens, did you purchase all that for us?" she cried.

"Not purchased; just borrowed them from people who didn't want them any more," he replied jocosely.

"Oh! That makes it better than ever, doesn't it. Then there will be no bill to pay. They are such bugaboos anyway, those bills. But how shall we ever thank you, Mr. Valens, for going to all that trouble for us?"

"Why, by allowing me to go to-morrow and the next days too, until your house is so packed full, the stuff will be hanging out of the windows." The nun put up her hands and laughed happily.

"Oh, what a happy task it will be to sort it all out and find place for everything! It will be too much joy. I thought we would have to buy just the most neces-

sary pieces and do without the rest until we would be able to get them. But now we'll have the house all fixed up and ready before we bring in our little guests. Won't that be wonderful?" Jasper smiled quizzically and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I don't want to damp your hopes, Sister, but I trust you won't find too much of what you don't need, and too little of what you do need. I suppose I ought to stress the subject of beds strongest. You will need at least twenty-five for a start, won't you?"

"Yes—that is, if you can get them. Cots will be welcome if you cannot get anything else."

"Well, Joe," called Jasper. "Suppose we start carrying in. What say?"

"Right-o!" said Joe, who already had the sidewalk pretty well littered. So for the next half hour they were busy carrying, and the four nuns flitted happily here and there, their graceful veils flying, faces wreathed in smiles, sleeves pinned back, and wearing blue calico aprons over their habits. When everything had been delivered, Jasper turned to say farewell.

"Well, Sister, I'll say good-bye until to-morrow afternoon. I hope to bring in another van full."

"We will pray for your success, sir. May God reward you!"

"Want to go for another load?" asked Joe, as Jasper climbed up beside him. The latter took out his watch. It was just three o'clock.

"Hm, we got through early, didn't we? No, Joe. That will be all for to-day. I've got to visit my wife—she's in the hospital, you know. Then I have to deliver a lot of bundles. But I'd like you to be ready at the same time to-morrow. Can you?"

"Sure. All right. Same time." Joe brought him to the hospital and then drove home. Jasper went straight up to Cynthia's room, but found it empty. Seeing a nursing sister coming down the corridor in her starched, immaculate all-over apron, he accosted her.

"Where is Mrs. Valens, please? She isn't in her room."

"Mrs. Valens? Let me see—oh yes; she was allowed to go home." Jasper was aghast.

"When did she leave?"

"Early this afternoon, sir. The doctor examined her and pronounced her out of quarantine."

"Hm, queer she did not let me know of it. I would have come for her."

"She did try to get you, sir, over 'phone several times, but couldn't find you. So she went alone."

"I suppose I must have been out of the office already when she phoned. Well, thank you, Sister. I'll go right on home."

Again Jasper was filled with uneasy qualms at thought of what Cynthia would say when he reached home. He had left the office earlier than usual, and that was why she could not reach him. It would never do to tell her of his furniture hunt. She would want an explanation of his whereabouts. He knew that. What excuse could he make?

(To be continued)

## Victoire de Saint-Luc

### Martyr of the "Reign of Terror"

Victoire came from an aristocratic family, being the daughter of Count Gilles Conen de Saint-Luc. As a girl, she was not to be placed in the category of those whom we style saints from the cradle. Instead, she was giddy, passionate and wilful, and her elders would have described her as a "troublesome child." But withal, she was a winning child, and her kind heart and affectionate disposition made her very lovable. Her young mother was fully aware of her grave responsibility, and strove by every means in her power to give her daughter a careful Catholic education. For a time, she kept this in her own hands, but her many social and domestic duties, as lady of a great house, did not leave her as much time as she would have liked to give to this important work, so it was decided to try what convent life would do to discipline the unruly and turbulent child.

Accordingly, she was sent to the monastery of the Visitation in Rennes. There she made her First Holy Communion, and on that great day she received the grace from God to decide upon religion as her vocation. Her months of convent life had a magical effect upon her, and she returned home an altered girl. At fifteen she made her debut in the world, and after that there was a round of social functions which she was expected to attend. At first she eagerly devoured all the glitter of society, but it was not long before she tired of it and tasted of its emptiness.

Meanwhile, the storm of the French Revolution was breaking and the Count retired to his country seat in order to live there inconspicuously and not draw attention upon himself. Victoire heard of the Society of La Retraite, in which ladies consecrated themselves to the work of giving retreats to women. She visited their establishment, and immediately felt drawn toward its work and spirit. So she told her parents of her determination, and they were willing, except that her father wished her to wait until she was twenty-one. During her time of probation, the girl strove to prepare herself for her future life by penance and austerities. At last, however, the time of weary waiting came to an end, and she entered her coveted convent. The ladies merely took the vow of chastity, but kept control of their fortunes, and wore civilian clothes.

Meantime, the Revolution was progressing, and it was not long before the Convent of La Retraite was called upon to take the oath of submission to the Republic, and upon the ladies' refusal, they were driven from their convent and dispersed. Victoire returned home; but she had painted a number of Sacred Heart badges and distributed them, and as a heart was the symbol of the Vendéans, who were against the Government, she was accused of treason and thrown into prison.

This prison was a terrible place, with no comforts or sanitary arrangements, but her sunny disposition was the life of the dismal place. She strove to com-

fort her fellow prisoners, two hundred of whom were crowded into a building once occupied by thirty nuns. One day she was horrified to see her parents condemned to her prison; they were ill, and had to be carried in. She nursed them as best she could, and after months of waiting, and transferring to other prisons, they were at length admitted to trial and convicted. Her criminality consisted in distributing Sacred Heart badges, and her parents were cited as accomplices. On the 13th of July, 1794, the three were beheaded, Victoire keeping up her spirits and cheering her parents to the last.

The House of Retreats did not reopen until 1805. Success immediately crowned their efforts, and houses began to spring up in other countries. The ladies now wear the garb of nuns and take the regular vows.

## Household Hints

The most stubborn rust spots can be removed by squeezing half a lemon and placing one slice of it in a small pot with a cup of water, letting it come to a boil, and holding the spot in it for from seven to ten minutes while boiling. Move the cloth about constantly. One or two slices of pineapple boiled in the same way in water, will perform the same service.

Use lukewarm water when mixing a mustard plaster. Cold water refuses to mix, and hot will cause a blister. Rub lard on the skin after using.

If the mayonnaise curdles, add white of egg, and beat until smooth.

Vinegar will remove the shine from serge garments. Sponge and press.

If you have over-salted the soup, put in a slice of toasted bread or slice up a potato, and much of the salt will be absorbed.

## Book Notices

(Continued from page 472)

Among the many books issued in recent years in honor of St. Therese of Lisieux is "The Little Flower Prayer Book," by Caryl Coleman, Carmelite Tertiary. To the ordinary prayers of the Mass, etc., are added many special prayers and devotions, of which some are from the writings of the saint. The book contains 224 pages and sells at 65¢, \$1.00, and \$1.25. Published by Benziger Brothers.

## Books Received

*His Father's Way.* A novel by Rev. C. F. Donovan, managing editor of *The New World*. 352 pages. Price \$2.00. Joseph H. Meier, publisher. 64 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

*The Castle of San Salvo* is another novel by Isabel C. Clarke. 416 pages. Price \$2.00. Benziger Brothers.

*Living for God.* A book for religious. By Sister Marie Paula, Ph. D. 146 pages. Price \$1.50; postage 10¢. Benziger Brothers.

## How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sent to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers

of New York City. Every pattern is seam allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly. (Unless your order specifies number of pattern and size desired, your order will receive no attention.)

Our pattern Book contains hundreds of styles—styles for morning, afternoon and evening, and nine picture dressmaking lessons. You just glance at the pictures and see how the styles are made. Nothing could be more simple. Any beginner can make an attractive dress with the help of these picture lessons. With this Book, you can save money on your own and your children's clothes. Address THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

To order any pattern illustrated send 15 cents to our Fashion Department. Be sure to state number and size and write your name and address plainly. Our patterns are made by the leading fashion designers of New York City. When you order your pattern, enclose 10 cents extra and our large new Fashion and Dressmaking Book will be sent to you. It contains hundreds of styles, picture dressmaking lessons, embroidery designs, etc.

No. 2956—Jahot Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2958—Novel Belt Arrangement. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2955—Bolero Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting and ½ yard of binding.

No. 2950—Youthful Sports Model. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2957—Slenderizing Lines. The pattern cuts in sizes 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2945—Youthful Sports Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2611—Tailored Styling. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 22-inch contrasting.

No. 2321—Straightline Styling. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2812—Slenderizing Lines. The pattern cuts in sizes 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2051—Attractive Apron. The pattern cuts in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2959—Bloomer Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material with ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting and 2 yards of binding.

No. 2954—Raglan Sleeves. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yards of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2952—Bolero Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 32-inch contrasting.



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